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# In Memoriam

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LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON

ADLAI EWING STEVENSON

**ILLINOIS HISTORICAL SURVEY**











# In Memoriam



Letitia Green Stevenson

Adlai Ewing Stevenson

*They do rest from their labors,  
and their works do follow them.*

COMPLIMENTS OF  
LEWIS G. STEVENSON.





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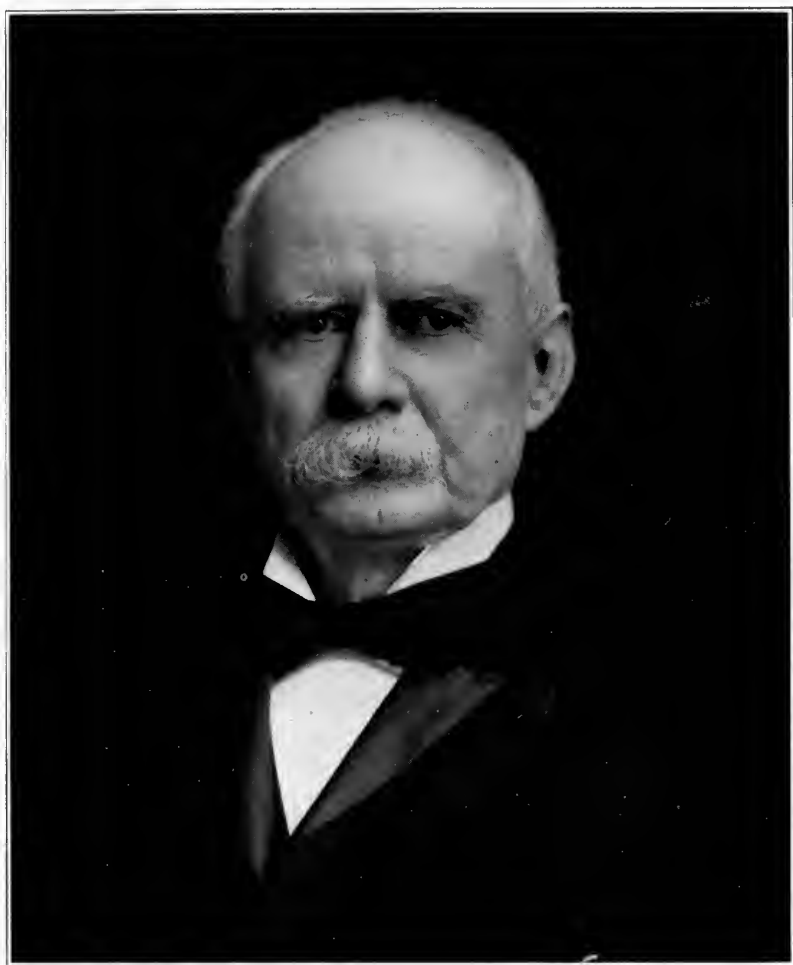


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LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON  
1843-1913



ADLAI EWING STEVENSON  
1835-1914





Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson was born January 8th, 1843 at Allegheny, Pennsylvania, where her father, Dr. Lewis Warner Green, was president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary. Her mother was Mary Fry Green.

When Mrs. Stevenson was but a small child, her parents removed to Danville, Ky., where her father became the president of Center College, and there she lived to young womanhood. It was there she met Mr. Stevenson, who afterward became her husband. Her father was a scholarly man, having been educated abroad, which was an unusual attainment at that time.

On reaching young womanhood, Mrs. Stevenson's education was broadened by a course at a school at Walnut Hill, near Lexington, Ky., and later in New York.

#### FROM MRS. STEVENSON'S MEMOIRS

"The incident of my girlhood days which made the most profound impression was the attempted secession of the Southern States from the Federal Union in 1861; the attack upon Fort Sumter, and the inauguration of the Civil War.

Our home, at that time, was in Danville, Kentucky, the border line between the conflicting forces. My father was then President of Center College, and an ardent Union man. However, his heart turned with solicitude towards his students, many of whom were from the South and joined the southern army. The exigencies of guerrilla warfare placed us at the mercy of the constantly changing bands of marauders, while the Federal and Confederate troops took turns in occupying the town. At no time, however, during the four years were we greatly intimidated or harmed. In the army on either side were our nearest of kin and dearest of friends, and we felt and were safe under their considerate protection.

"At the outset of the war I was at Miss Haynes' School, No. 10 Gramarcy Park, New York City. I returned home to find the college, as well as every public building, converted into barracks or hospitals. In the wake of the dreadful war soon followed sorrow, sickness, desolation and death. Though these terrible days can never be forgotten, we are thankful to an over-ruling providence for a re-united country, and for the belief that the ties of kinship and friendship are perhaps stronger for having been so rudely sundered for a time."

On the death of her father, Mrs. Stevenson came to Illinois and lived at Chenoa with her sister, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, whose

husband was at that time a prominent citizen and farmer. She remained there until her wedding, on Dec. 20, 1866, to Mr. Adlai E. Stevenson, then a rising young lawyer of Metamora, the county seat of Woodford county.

Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson lived for the first year of their married life at Metamora, and then Mr. Stevenson, having formed a law partnership with his cousin, James S. Ewing, removed to Bloomington and began that career of professional life which was to be marked with distinction.

A considerable number of the years of Mrs. Stevenson's life were spent in Washington, while her husband was occupying positions of political responsibility, as an executive in the postoffice department and as vice-president. She also traveled abroad with him when he went to Europe as a member of the monetary commission. In these years, however, she always returned to her home city whenever the opportunity offered, and neither eminence nor widened responsibilities could remove from her affections the ties which bound her to Bloomington.

It was as the president general, the highest office in the gift of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, that Mrs. Stevenson achieved perhaps her highest personal distinction. She served four times in that high office. She was elected for the first time on Feb. 22, 1893, after a short interim following the death of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the first president general, who died in the fall of 1892. She was re-elected on Feb. 22, 1894, and then after the term of Mrs. John W. Foster, which followed her own, Mrs. Stevenson was chosen to the same office for the third time, on Feb. 22, 1896, and again in 1897.

On her retirement from her second term, in 1895, the congress of the D. A. R. adopted the following resolution: "That this continental congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution \* \* \* \* does hereby create the office of honorary president general, to be filled only by retiring presidents general: that Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, the retiring president general, be asked to accept that honorary office."

As the wife of the vice-president of the United States for four years, from 1893 to 1897, Mrs. Stevenson occupied a position of social prominence in the nation's capital which required womanly qualities of the highest type to acceptably and creditably fill. That she more than met the expected duties and responsibilities was testified by the large circle of eminent women with whom she in those years mingled. She presided at the head of Mr. Stevenson's Washington home with that graciousness and poise which could spring only from inborn aristocracy, in the truest sense of that word.

On the retirement of Mr. Stevenson from the vice-presidency, he and Mrs. Stevenson returned again to Bloomington, where

Mrs. Stevenson found it her delight to live and work in the interest of the best in the community.

As the former head of the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, there is considerable interest in the genealogical line from which Mrs. Stevenson sprang.

She was a descendant of Joshua Fry and Capt. James Speed, of Virginia, and Dr. Thomas Walker, of Kentucky. Joshua Fry was a soldier in the Continental service. Capt. Speed was shot thru the body at Guilford. He recovered and moved to Kentucky in 1872, and took part in the formation of that state. Dr. Thomas Walker was commissary general of the Virginia troops in the Braddock campaign in 1870. During the revolution he was a member of the house of burgesses. He was one of the first explorers of Kentucky.

Mrs. Stevenson's mother was the daughter of Thomas Walker Fry and Elizabeth Smith Fry.

Thomas W. Fry was the son of Joshua and Peachy Walker Fry. Joshua Fry was born about 1760, served as a lad in the revolutionary war, and after the war, moved to Kentucky and engaged in teaching his own and his neighbors' children. He was of distinguished education for a man of that time. Peachy Walker, who married Joshua Fry, was the daughter of Dr. Thomas Walker, who occupied many positions of honor in the earlier history of the colony and was known as a skillful and scientific engineer. He was intimately associated in private and public relations with George Washington and Thomas Jefferson; was the guardian of Jefferson, a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, and of the committee of safety, member of the Virginia convention of 1789 to consider the constitution; commissioner to survey the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, known as "Walker's line."

Of all the characteristics of Mrs. Stevenson's life, none were better recognized nor will be longer remembered by those of the circle of friends who knew her best, than her eminence as a home maker. The Stevenson home has for years been a model of the best and true in domestic regulations, as all well knew who have been brought within the reach of its uplifting influence and its hospitable charm. It has been a home where husband and wife vied one with the other in that true courtesy which is the heart of kindness and respect, and the children gave to the parents that filial honor and deference which form the seeds of right living in maturer years. To her as to few women has fallen the part of walking side by side with her husband in his political activities, while at the same time sustaining so well her more truly feminine duties. And whether the successive political campaigns ended in victory or defeat, Mrs. Stevenson's cheerfulness and poise were always undisturbed.

The chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in this city was organized at a meeting called by Mrs. Stevenson at her own home. There were eighteen women present at the first meeting. The chapter, when its charter was secured, was given the name of the woman who was chiefly instrumental in its formation.

Mrs. Stevenson was made the first president of the Woman's club of this city, a position which she held for four years. She called the first meeting for the organization of the Day Nursery, and was active in that philanthropy until her health failed. She was long a member of the Second Presbyterian church, and was active in the home and foreign missionary societies. Several years ago Mrs. Stevenson organized a local chapter of the Army and Navy league, and was its first president.

During the period of her illness this community and her many friends thruout the country had awaited news from Mrs. Stevenson's bedside with anxiety and the daily hope that it might be of more hopeful tone. The width of her circle of friends, and the love in which she was everywhere held, was illustrated by the daily and numerous tokens of flowers which came to her home. The rooms were almost constantly supplied with a profusion of beautiful bouquets, some of them from long distances, and each testifying to the thoughtful remembrance of a friend and the wish that their fragrance and beauty might brighten and cheer the patient sufferer.

The passing of Mrs. Stevenson takes from the life of this city a woman whose position has been one of prominence, and whose name and ability are known and recognized thruout the state and nation.

#### **EDITORIAL IN THE BLOOMINGTON BULLETIN, DECEMBER 26**

We often speak of the first lady of the nation or state in alluding to the wife of the president or governor, and in the death of Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, Bloomington has lost its ranking representative, yet in the absence of Mrs. Stevenson we shall first mourn the wife, mother, neighbor and friend.

Mrs. Stevenson, whose splendidly rounded life closed last night, had been a national figure, both as the wife of a distinguished public man and also as a natural leader in large activities. Residence in Washington as the wife of a congressman, assistant postmaster general and vice-president, gave avenue for the impression on contemporaneous American life of a charming personality, and association in the highest capacity with the Daughters of the American Revolution gave evidence of great executive and constructive ability.

But as great and just as has been Bloomington's pride in Mrs. Stevenson as a national figure, it has been in her home life and



unaffected democracy of sympathy and association with the old neighbors that Bloomington loved and honored her most, and that is why there are today so many moist eyes beyond the family circle.

Deepest sympathy goes out to Mr. Stevenson. The former vice-president has ever been a lover of home and the beautiful companionship with his wife has been nothing short of the imaginative ideal of romance, so rarely realized in every day life.

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The last honors from those who had known her long and loved her much, were paid to Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson on Sunday afternoon, December 28, 1913, in rites at the Second Presbyterian church, ere the mortal part was consigned to the inevitable "dust to dust."

The funeral services were held in the church where she had attended worship for many years. The attendance of friends was ample testimony to the wide circle of friends in this city, and many people were here from other cities. The auditorium was filled during the services.

The whole pulpit platform was one immense bank of flowers, each piece being a testimonial of love from some friend or some society. The casket rested at the chancel almost hidden in this wealth of floral offerings.

Members of Letitia Green Stevenson chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution assembled to the number of nearly a hundred and were seated together at the front of the church. This is Mrs. Stevenson's home chapter, bearing her own name, and from which she arose to become the head of the national society during four terms.

The services were impressive. After an invocation by Rev. J. N. Elliott, the pastor, several appropriate passages of scripture were read by Rev. Martin D. Hardin of the Third Presbyterian church in Chicago, who is a son-in-law of Mrs. Stevenson. Dr. Elliott and Rev. Mr. Hardin then each paid short tribute to Mrs. Stevenson, and the services were dismissed with the benediction by Rev. M. Hardin.

#### DR. ELLIOTT'S ADDRESS

Rev. J. N. Elliott spoke as follows: "In the home she loved, in the city which she also loved, with dear ones near at hand, at peace with God, and in perfect charity with the world, on the evening of Christmas day, Mrs. Stevenson peacefully fell asleep. Succeeding upon the suffering of many weeks, there came to her

repose and heavenly rest. During her long illness, daily solicitous inquiries bespoke the earnest wishes of her many friends that she might recover her health, and that her life might be prolonged. But it has been ordered otherwise, and to the great sorrow of her beloved ones is added the sorrow of hosts of friends, both in her home city and thruout the land, that she has been taken away.

"She was a woman greatly beloved. Whether amidst the activities of public life, with its many responsibilities and exactions, or in the quieter circle of old friends and neighbors; whether as president general of a great patriotic society, or in quiet attendance upon a home or foreign missionary meeting, or teaching a class in Sunday school, as she formerly used to do, she was always the same capable, sympathetic, kind-hearted, helpful Mrs. Stevenson, endearing herself to all by her graciousness and amiability and by the nobleness of her life and character.

"Gifted with splendid mental endowments, she added talent to talent and grace to grace, until one beheld in her the fulfilment of the poet's tribute to his queen:

" 'A thousand claims to reverence closed in her, as mother, wife and queen.'

"One who knew her well said, 'If Mrs. Stevenson ever spoke an uncharitable word concerning any one, it had never come to his knowledge.' Her gentleness made her strong, and her strength made her gentle. Serene both in disappointment and victory, patient in suffering, unfaltering in Christian cheerfulness, courageous at the approach of death, her life was transparently beautiful, filled with ministries of comfort and abounding in good works.

"She was above all a loyal and devoted wife and mother. For forty-seven years she and her honored and now sorely bereaved husband walked life's pathway in mutual love and helpfulness, and the surviving children whom God gave to them, live to call them blessed. Besides her husband, son, two daughters and grandchildren, of her father's family she is survived by one sister, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott. In this time of bereavement, it is their priceless privilege to look up thru their tears and thank God for the gift of so noble a wife, mother and sister, whose home-love and companionship made life radiant with happiness and good cheer.

"Thruout her whole life Mrs. Stevenson was a sincere Christian. Her Saviour, her Bible and her church were ever near to her heart. With large experience of the world she discerned and valued the immeasurable worth of Christian truth and Christian living, and with unaffected simplicity she walked by

faith in the Son of God. Upon this Christian faith the virtues and graces of her life were built, and in the comfort of this faith she gently fell asleep. She will be missed more than we can possibly express, her memory will live as an example of all that is truly great and noble in womanhood.

"But we realize, my friends, that for her life has not ended, but only begun. Death is transition; sleep is rest; the tomb is the gateway into the larger perfect life. The power of death has been destroyed; victory over the grave is certain.

"On this side of the border-land, the followers of Christ use the present tense when they say, 'Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory thru our Lord Jesus Christ.' On the other side, no doubt the glorified saints use the past perfect tense, and say 'Thanks be to God who has given us the victory thru our Lord Jesus Christ.' Spoken in tears, it may be, yet we are able to say of the beloved dead, At peace—God's holy peace. Seen as in a mirror darkly, yet we are able to say Light—God's heavenly light. Weary and heavy laden, we may hear a calm, majestic, friendly voice saying, 'Come unto me and I will give you rest.'

"'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; for their works follow with them.'

"At evening time, no gathering night, 'It shall be light.' God's holy light, His word our sight—At evening time.

"At evening time above the shroud the rainbow cloud. God's pledge of care: Trust finds Him there.

"At evening time He gives repose from earthly woes; Why should we fear; Day-dawn is near—At evening time."

#### REV. MR. HARDIN'S TALK

"The good and beautiful life is never an accident. We do not live in a chaotic world ruled by chance. In vain we look for the sixty-fold harvest on the wayside, or the shallow ground. The fruitful character has drawn its nourishment from the eternal sunshine, the gracious rain, and the good soil, unchoked, as truly as the abundant yield in nature is the product of unimpeded, elemental forces—with this difference only: in nature, choice is not there. The grain is passive. It has no will of its own. In personality, the fruitful life has exercised choice; has listened to reason and conscience; has willed faith; and has consciously chosen to be responsive to God and the gracious influences of His divine spirit. Human life is a garden, or a desert waste, just as there has been a will or no will at one with moral truth of God. And as the broadest and deepest rivers are those having their source high up amid the immaculate snows of the everlasting hills, so personality is broad and deep, strong and beautiful, joy-

ous and life-giving, just as it remembers its eternal source and consciously feels itself reaching back and up in unbroken continuity to God.

### THE LIFE IDEAL

“We are gathered here to pay honor to such a life. A life issuing from God, a life never forgetting its Source, a life that was as silent and deep, as unostentatious, and almost as self-forgetful in its flowing as the river; a life, along whose course from the beginning to its union with the great sea, flowers of love bloomed, and all beautiful deeds of kindness sprung into being as naturally as violets grow on grassy banks. Knowing Mrs. Stevenson, as it was my blessed privilege to know her, I cannot but feel that we honor her most acceptably when we attempt to meet our inevitable grief in the faith by which she lived. When we let her life speak to us of those deeper realities, on which her own soul rested, and out of the personal knowledge of which came those rare and beautiful traits of character, which so endeared her to us all. Her inheritance was a noble one. Before her had gone generations of God-fearing fathers and mothers. She was a child of the covenant, and a daughter of the manse. Her father, Dr. Lewis W. Green, was not only one of the most gifted ministers of his generation in the church, brilliant as an orator and educator, but was a man of singularly deep religious life.

“In those tender years, when as a child the roots of character are forming Mrs. Stevenson grew up in a cultivated, Christian home. Religious faith and trust and love and obedience came naturally to her as things beautiful and more to be desired than rubies. These were inseparable from her being, and came to hold her. Her character was the outgrowth of a life hid with Christ in God. She found God in Jesus Christ, and with an unwavering faith committed her own being and all that was dear to her to His keeping. She hoped to find no more precious Saviour, no one whose life could better serve as Guide to heaven, and Comforter on the way thither. She could conceive of no fuller truth of God than that for which her own heart aspired when she prayed with her Lord, ‘Our Father, which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.’

“To know the will of the God and Father of our Lord, Jesus Christ, was her highest hope; and to do that will, her joyous daily task. For religion with her, as in all genuine souls, was not a thing merely to be talked about, or speculated over, but a life to be lived; a life of the Spirit, radiating happiness; a life lightening the yoke of toil and the dull cares of the day, a life making the home a home indeed, an earthly bit of heaven, with heaven’s

love and heaven's peace, resting there like summer's twilight; a life that goes out beyond the home in gracious unaffected, neighborliness to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep; a life that knows and finds its share of all those works that make for the common good in the church, the city, and the world; a life that appreciates such personal honors as come unsought, but holds these at their true value, neither exaggerating or underestimating their significance; a life that meets success without undue elation, and disappointments and sorrows without being utterly cast down—in a word, a life which seeks to live over again, by faith, here amid modern conditions, the strong and wise, and deathlessly divine life of Him who walked in Galilee, and by what He was and taught and did has brought to this old tear-stained earth of ours all that it knows of a spirit which is at rest with God.

"This, I say, was the conception of religion which was at the basis of Mrs. Stevenson's character. How well she realized her ideal, our own overflowing hearts today bear eloquent testimony. To those of us who knew her best, she was as one set apart; beautiful in childhood, rare and fragrant in girlhood, radiant in young womanhood and dewy as the breath of the morning, even when her hair was silvered. As child, as woman, as friend, as daughter, as sister, as wife, as mother, she brought only happiness; she gave only joy, and has made it easier for us all to believe that nothing is so good as goodness; nothing so pays as kindness; nothing so radiates as faith; nothing so abides as love.

" 'And I heard a voice out of heaven, saying unto me, write; blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.'

" 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, tho he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.'

" 'And there shall be no more curse, but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.'

" 'And there shall be no night and there they need no candles, neither light of the sun, for the Lord giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever.' "



**IN THE ISSUE OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY 1914, APPEARED THIS TRIBUTE TO MRS. STEVENSON, WRITTEN BY HER NIECE, MRS. JULIA SCOTT VROOMAN (MRS. CARL VROOMAN)**

Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, wife of former Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, and for four terms President General of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, as well as its first Honorary President General, passed away in the serene peace of a deathless Faith, on Christmas night at her home in Bloomington, Illinois.

Of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry, Mrs. Stevenson, through Lawrence Washington and Mildred Washington, his wife was a lineal descendant of Augustine Warner, the grandfather of George Washington. She grew to girlhood in Danville, Kentucky, where her father, Dr. Lewis Warner Green, one of the most brilliant orators and scholars of the South, was President of Center College. On December 20, 1866, she was married in Chenoa, Illinois, from the home of her sister, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, to Mr. Adlai Stevenson. Soon after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson moved to Bloomington, Illinois, where they have since made their home, and where four children were born to them, three of whom survive her, Mr. Lewis Green Stevenson, Chairman of the Board of Pardons, Mrs. Martin D. Hardin, wife of a distinguished Chicago clergyman, and Miss Letitia Stevenson.

During the first few years of her life in Bloomington, Mrs. Stevenson devoted herself wholeheartedly and entirely to her husband and children and friends. When later she went to Washington her official position as wife of a Congressman, Assistant Postmaster General and Vice-President, gave abundant opportunity for the impression upon contemporaneous American life of her charming personality, while the four years of her wise and inspiring leadership of the Daughters of the American Revolution furnished striking evidence of commanding executive, diplomatic and constructive ability.

The fact that Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Scott, two sisters living in the same town, were both elected and reelected to the highest office in the gift of women of America is unique in the history of our organization, while their splendid administrations have added new lustre to the Society which has so signally honored them.

The passing of our beloved second President General, whose impress on this Society was so potent in its formative years, and whose love and interest in it has never flagged, will bring genuine grief to thousands of Daughters all over this country who had an abiding love and reverence for this strong and gracious spirit,

whose life was a supreme embodiment of radiant, self-forgetful womanhood. Physically, mentally and spiritually, she was like a flower. To her it was natural to be sympathetically tactful and wisely helpful to all with whom she came in contact, as it is for a rose to exhale its sweetness. No one who has been privileged to know her, be it ever so slightly, has failed to feel—if not entirely to comprehend—that here indeed was one of those gifted souls who has pushed up and back the boundaries of our poor human nature and revealed to us some of the rarer, higher and more exquisite potentialities of the race.

Almost the last act of Mrs. Stevenson's life was the completion of a history of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which has just been published. A concise, impartial and illuminating record, this little book goes forth bearing her farewell message to the "Daughters" and the great Society she loved and served with such a lavish measure of devotion.

**AT THE MEMORIAL MEETING HELD IN HONOR OF MRS. STEVENSON BY THE NATIONAL CONGRESS, D. A. R., IN MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, ON TUESDAY EVENING, APRIL 21, 1914, MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE, STATE REGENT OF ILLINOIS, SPOKE AS FOLLOWS:**

In the little town of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, Letitia Green-Stevenson was born in January, 1843, with a splendid endowment of heritage.

Behind her as she lay cradled there were generation after generation on both sides of the family of sturdy, loyal, educated, cultivated and progressive ancestors, and the potentialities of her future career were very great to her at the very dawn of life.

Hers was a lineage most royal and one that was to be upheld as became a queen.

Her father, Dr. Green, when she was but a child, removed to Danville, Ky., to assume the presidency of Center College, located at that place, and her years from early girlhood to young womanhood were passed within the molding and controlling influence of that institution; and what an inspiration for uplift and for good it was to her, and to the great number of her contemporaries that thronged its halls and fell within its benign influence! I venture the assertion that no institution of anywhere near its size can point with pride to a more distinguished alumni. They have adorned the Bench, National and State, and given dignity to the Bar of the entire country. They have added power and eloquence to the Pulpit, and in the galaxy of American divines many trace back to that institution. Among the alumni of this college may be found six Moderators of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of the United States;

five United States Senators; two Vice-Presidents of the United States; one Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; a number of Governors of States, and more than a score of College Presidents. It has added to the refinement and culture of the entire South and West, and still lives, a monument to those men and women that gave it its impulse and direction.

Amid such influences, under such inspirations, can it be wondered that the bud blossomed into the perfect flower? It was here that she met the man, then a student at Center College, whom she afterwards married. Their union of hearts was a perfect one. Four children, three of whom survive her, brought blessings to this father and mother, and shed the sunshine of love into their home. They were early trained to honor and respect *God, Home and Country*, as the best things in life, and are now proving themselves worthy of esteem both in their public and private lives. These are the faithful mother's rewards, for the sacrifice and consecration devoted to their education and direction that began at the mother's knees.

When Mr. Stevenson was called to the National Capital the accumulated treasures of mind and heart, product of the scholarly environment of Center College, the social charms of her Kentucky home, and the practical lessons of the struggle for home, family and success in Illinois, found full opportunity for their exercise, and we find her filling with dignity, grace and success all the exacting requirements, both social and political, of her position at Washington.

Mrs. Stevenson was always to be found at the side of her husband. In all his varied activities, social, professional, political and official, she was to him a source of power and of support. Cultured, benign, diplomatic, in any and every crisis, her poise was undisturbed. The rigid requirements of high official position were met by her, with unfailing ability and distinction, that could only have been possible by the heredity and training I have mentioned.

She was a consistent Christian woman, a member of the Presbyterian Church, which she served faithfully in all its lines of activity and of work; the mission field, Sabbath School, and other means of uplift and work for God.

Few have discerned the immeasurable worth of Christian truth and Christian living as did Mrs. Stevenson, and well did she in God's service "fight the good fight."

And now I am come, briefly, to speak of her association with our own beloved organization, the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. President Harrison was the chosen leader in the "Pioneer days" of the organization; Mrs. Stevenson was elected Pres-

ident General in 1893 and her four-year term of service has been fitly called the "formative period." During it, was established as a constitutional principle, that the lineal and not the collateral line of descent should be the sole qualification of our membership, and she attained recognition both social and political that has remained to this day. During the year 1893-94 our membership increased 1,950; during the year 1894-5, 3,488.

It was during this "formative period" that many of the real things for which we, as an organization stand, were suggested and carried on to successful conclusion or very materially advanced. Memorial Hall had been a hope and dream of "the Pioneers." Under Mrs. Stevenson a beginning was made toward its realization. The monument to the memory of Washington in Paris; to the Ship Prison Martyrs in New York, and the beginning of legislation for the protection of the flag were a part of her administration, and I can bring no higher tribute to her modesty and fairness than to mention the high words of encomium and of praise with which she speaks of the Daughters who as a committee or otherwise brought about these great results. A real gentlewoman! Determined to give honor where honor was due. In her published "Brief History of the Daughters of the American Revolution," and her account of her own administration, little is said of what *she* did, but it is filled with grateful and hearty recognition of what her committees and co-workers did.

This little book, which should be in the hands of every Daughter, was her last work. It was her hope expressed in the foreword, "that in coming years when my pen is laid aside, and my voice is still, that many of the 'Daughters' will turn trustingly to these pages for facts" \* \* \* \*

Her pen is laid aside and her voice is stilled, and the Daughters will not only turn trustingly to her for facts, but for new courage, a higher purpose and a more exalted consecration and devotion to the cause she served.

The title of Honorary President General was again conferred upon her in 1898 and from that time until her death she has lived and served in honor and with honor among us.

She belonged to this work by the very nature of her temperament and endowment.

Her love of patriotism came next to her God and her family and home. To the good and growth of the Daughters she gave her best contributions of business judgment, social tact and prestige and that other great quality of love towards all, that made her deeply loved and the loss of which in her death has left a void that never can be filled: and when her Chapter met in memorial services after her death, letters of appreciation and affection came to them from every side, bearing to family and Chapter in words most tender and most beautiful their message of regret, of admiration and of love.

I have but imperfectly sketched the life and career of our Beloved. She belonged to her family and home? Yes! she belonged to her Chapter and State? Yes! but in a larger sense she belonged to the Nation and we can and do all feel that she was *ours*.

I shall never forget the deep impression made upon my mind and heart as I entered the great church at her home city where on Sabbath afternoon her funeral services were held. Packed to the doors with sympathetic mourners of every condition and class, for her death was not a loss to any distinct class but to humanity. And as the words of eulogy and appreciation fell from the lips of pastor and of funeral orator, a hush was over the great audience that spoke yet more eloquently than they, of the place she held in the hearts of the people among whom she lived and whom she served. It was an hour of grief and yet an hour of exaltation. For by the recital of her virtues and her victories were others inspired likewise to achieve the crown she so justly wears. We felt that on the birthday of our King, Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson heard the voice we could not hear, saw the hand we could not see, but as we waited on the shores of the eternal sea, we knew the Master was calling her and that her hand rested in His. At eventide her eyes saw Heaven's glory and she was at rest beneath the palms of Paradise.

#### TESTIMONIAL FROM THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The following testimonial to the memory of Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson was adopted by the Woman's club of Bloomington at a regular meeting held in their rooms on the 7th day of January, 1914.

"It is most appropriate that this, the Woman's club of Bloomington, should offer its tribute of honor, appreciation and love to the memory of its first president, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, who has so recently been taken from our midst.

"We are not unmindful of the fact that the beautiful life and character of this most lovable of women has been truly and eloquently portrayed both by pulpit and press, and all that has been said, the members of this club most feelingly endorse, realizing as they do how impossible it would be to exaggerate the virtues of this noble woman, whose kindly heart and rare intellectual endowments made her the charm of every circle in which she moved. What has already been publicly said, leaves us to speak mainly of her relations to this association.

"This club was organized nearly seventeen years ago, at a time when women were growing more and more eager for self-improvement, and were beginning to realize that their whole duty was not done when they looked carefully after the health

and comfort of their own families and homes, but that there was a great outside world which also needed their services, and they were learning, too, that this social service could best be given through organization. In preparing a constitution and forming this organization, Mrs. Stevenson's wide experience as president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution, her familiarity with parliamentary rules and her boundless enthusiasm in the cause, peculiarly fitted her to be one of the greatest assistance in the work to be accomplished. For her services in this regard, the club owed her a debt of gratitude which could not easily be paid. During the four years that she honored this club by presiding over its meetings, she was fair and just to all, and treated everyone with the utmost kindness and courtesy.

"When Mrs. Stevenson retired from active official duty in the club, as a token of appreciation for her invaluable services and esteem for her many virtues of both head and heart, she was made President Emeritus, by unanimous consent, an honor that has been conferred upon no other president.

"Throughout a long and eventful life our beloved friend held many important official and social positions, and it is known to all that she discharged every duty that came to her with ability, tact and kindness, which gained for her a distinction throughout our land unsurpassed by any other woman of her time. While she was known and appreciated by the intellectual and social circles beyond the limits of her own state, it was here in Bloomington, at her own home, where the greater part of her beautiful life was spent, that she was most dearly loved and will be longest remembered.

"The members of this club, who knew her so intimately and well, are deeply grieved at her death and join with those nearest and dearest to her in mourning her loss."

GERTRUDE L. FIFER,  
MARIAN SMITH,  
RUTH MELLUISH,  
*Committee.*

**FROM THE D. A. R. MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1914**

Shortly before the death of Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, former President General and much loved and honored woman, there came from the press a little book which reached her many friends in time to be a Christmas greeting and a farewell remembrance from one who had started on the Long Journey.

This little volume, bound in the blue and white of the National Society, is a brief history of the Society, which will make for itself a place among the membership of the organization because of its practical worth, as well as through the admiration

so many felt for the accomplished author, who of all others may be said to have possessed the intimate knowledge and the ability so blended as to make such a work complete.

The book is concise and strong in its brevity and at the same time has that delightful touch of personal intimacy which makes each page a friendly message. It tells of the matters and things that will not only interest the members of the great and widely growing organization, but any one who cares to know of the forces which gave birth to this real power in the world. The origin, the founders, who they were and what were their lives and their characteristics, the chief incidents of the administration of each President General—these are all told in the keen cut way that is indicated by the line from Shakespeare that Mrs. Stevenson takes for the motto of her book: "An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."

In a gracefully written preface, Mrs. Stevenson pointed to her readers the reasons why the book has been set before them. As the oldest living President General in point of service in the National Society, and the second to hold the high office, it seemed fitting that she should place for the future a record that should briefly embrace the more important points in the history of the society. She had not intended to write an exhaustive treatise of all that has been done and planned. As she says in her preface:

"Such a work would take more years to complete than remain to me upon earth, and tomes of ponderous volumes that no mortal in these strenuous days could take time to read. It may be that in coming years, when my pen is laid aside and my voice is still, that many of the 'Daughters' will turn trustingly to these pages for facts, which I shall endeavor to make authentic. In a spirit of perfect fairness and impartiality, at peace with all the world, with 'malice toward none and charity for all,' I transmit to the future as well as to the present members of the National Society, these words of truth, in so far as I have been able to gather the facts."

The book is dedicated by its author to Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter of the D. A. R. of Bloomington.

**AT A MEETING OF THE LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON CHAPTER  
D. A. R. HELD IN BLOOMINGTON, JANUARY 8, 1914, MRS.  
CAPEN PRESENTED AND READ THE FOLLOWING RESOLU-  
TIONS:**

"Your committee, appointed to prepare and present a tribute to the memory of Letitia Green Stevenson, who, on Christmas night, passed to the better land, respectfully report:

"Our chapter was organized by her and to her constant labors and oversight we are brought to our present prosperity

and enviable position. In all her relations of life she was a model of gentleness and grace, the ripest product of southern and western culture and refinement—one of those rare spirits whom Providence, at times far apart, seems to delight to confer upon a community.

“A noble woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to counsel, to command.”

“Hers was an unfailing dignity, adorned with kindness, wisdom, courage, and high regard for the wishes and feelings of others, always manifested and controlled by lofty patriotic purpose.

“It has been said the greatest of earth’s benefactors are the founders of states. The same is true of the one who laid the foundations and built the superstructure of the society that bears her honored name. We are blessed in having so beautiful a character in our founder. She has consecrated and sanctified our work for all to come. A solemn duty is placed upon all of us to carry on what she has begun, to see to it her self-denying efforts shall continue to bear fruit in future days, ever to look up to her as an example of all that is true and good, ever to do as we think would meet her approval, were she still with us—that her influence shall continue.

“For four terms the highest honor of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution were conferred upon her. The great success that crowned her efforts was due largely to her unvarying tact, zeal and administrative ability, but more than all to personal charm of mind and heart.

“In her high position, in public and in private life, she always lived up to exalted ideals, and enjoyed the complete confidence of every one who had the privilege of her acquaintance, hospitality and companionship.”

“The worker dies; her work remains.”

MRS. JOHN H. BURNHAM  
MRS. JONATHAN H. CHENEY  
MRS. RALPH E. BROWN  
MRS. CHARLES L. CAPEN.



LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON CHAPTER  
OF THE  
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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MEMORIAL SERVICES  
OF  
MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON

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A memorial service commemorative of the life and the passing away of Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson at her home in Bloomington, Illinois, December 25, 1913, was held at the home of her sister, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, Thursday afternoon, February 12, 1914. Mrs. Sain Welty, chairman of the Memorial Committee, presided. The letters were read by different members of the Chapter.

Mrs. Welty:—Dear friends and the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution: We are gathered today in loving reverence to pay tribute to one whose name we have the great honor and privilege to bear—Letitia Green Stevenson. As a woman her life was a constant expression of all that was true and noble; as an officer, and member of our organization, her loyalty and faithful service will ever be a source of inspiration to us.

Dr. J. N. Elliott of the Second Presbyterian Church of Bloomington offered prayer.

**MRS. HARVEY C. DE MOTTE, WHO SERVED AS THE THIRD REGENT OF THE CHAPTER, TOLD OF MRS. STEVENSON'S PART IN THE FORMATION OF THE CHAPTER**

In view of the fact that the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, owes not only its name, but also its very existence to the beloved one in whose memory we are met this afternoon, it seems eminently proper that a brief history of the organization of this chapter be given at this time.

During the early years of the organization of the National Society of the D. A. R., Mrs. Stevenson, as wife of the Vice-President of the United States, resided in Washington. It was also during her residence there that the honor of being elected President General of the National Society of the D. A. R. came to her.

Mrs. Stevenson, having the blood of the heroes of the Revolution in her veins, and being moved by a desire that the women of her beloved home city should be recognized as second to none in

the land in patriotism and loyalty to the true principles of patriotism, on her return home called a public meeting for ladies, to be held at her home, for the purpose of explaining to them the object of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the extent of its work during the past three years.

A large number of ladies responded to the call. They, realizing that "reform in patriotic reverence and sentiment was an actual need in the American home," and believing that women should have a large part in bringing about such a reform, decided at once to organize a Chapter.

In a short time, fourteen ladies had proved their eligibility to membership and the application for permission to organize a Chapter was forwarded to the National Society in Washington.

To Mrs. Dr. Parke belongs the honor of proposing the name of Letitia Green Stevenson to be the name of the newly organized chapter.

Our chapter is unique in being the only one which for many years bore the name of the person still living for whom it was named. It was undoubtedly the leadership and influence of Mrs. Stevenson which gave our chapter the prestige it has held from the beginning. With queenly bearing Mrs. Stevenson often stood in our midst to counsel and encourage, and always with that calm dignity that commands respect, holds the attention, and at the same time wins the love of all.

With the inspiration of such a leader surely only the highest ideals and purest motives should ever control the workings of this chapter.

#### **TRIBUTE BY MRS. ERNEST MAMMEN, REGENT OF THE CHAPTER**

Today, though I greatly regret my inability to be with you in person, I am indeed with you in spirit.

From out our broad land have come numerous messages of love and praise, tributes from friends and fellow workers of our beloved and lamented Honorary President General, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

These expressions denote but in a small way the far reaching extent of her sweet influence. While from North, South, East, and West, come messages of love for her with sorrow for her loss, we, of her own chapter, mourn her loss as the inner circle, the home of friends in whose hearts she is forever enshrined.

We, Daughters of Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, can in no way do too great honor to the sacred memory of her whose name we bear.

Her spirit of patriotism inspired the organization of this chapter, whose interest she always bore upon her mind and heart. Constantly forgetful of herself and oftentimes at a sacrifice of her own physical strength, she helped us in many ways, and was

always determined to give her best. Her ear was ever alert to hear our needs, her wise counsel always given. She not only loved the work. She loved us.

How often have we been the happy recipient of her kind and gracious hospitality, in her own beautiful and well ordered home. How often by her gentle loving words, were we cheered and strengthened, leaving her presence with feelings of gratitude, reverence and love, for her who was not only the center and joy of our chapter, but also of her peaceful home. From her, we gained inspiration for greater effort, for better home making, for broader charity.

Her loyalty to the high principles of patriotism and good citizenship, and to many lines of work for which our organization stands, her persistent effort, her faithfulness to duty, and deep love for home and family ties, her splendid devotion to, and pride in, the achievements of her honored sister, her devotion to our chapter, all these should be and are to us an inspiration. Her gracious influence lives on in the hearts of those who love her.

Her last and crowning act of love and loyalty to us was the dedication to this chapter of that into which she had worked her best thought and effort, her beautiful book. This may be to each of us an ever present reminder of her life, which was in the painful hours of the last hard months, as well as in the brighter days spent in loving thoughtfulness, in self-sacrifice for the good of those she loved, the beautiful life of our own dear lamented Mrs. Stevenson. So while we grieve at her loss, and sympathize most tenderly with all her loved ones, let us keep before us these high ideals and work on in the same spirit of loyalty and love, until with tasks completed we shall greet her in a joy which has no end.

#### **TRIBUTE BY MRS. JAMES B. TAYLOR, OF EUGENE, OREGON, THE FIRST REGENT OF THE CHAPTER**

It is with a full heart that I sit down to pay my last tribute to Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson. Back of all official acquaintance and relations, there were personal ties of friendship stretching over many years. Being near neighbors with many common interests and sympathies, I was often in her home and she in mine. We were personal friends; and nothing in all the years happened to ruffle that friendship and perfect cordiality. To me she was always full of response and full of kindness.

Under her regime as President General of the D. A. R., I was selected first regent of the chapter which chose and wears her name for its own. In all the perplexities and stresses of three years of official relations, my experience was a perfect replica of what I had found her to be in private life. The same gracious personality I had met by her fireside shone out under official

conditions. I can but remember it all as one of the blessed and tender and much-to-be-appreciated associations of my life. It is an honor to be associated with one so able; and, afterward, a fragrant memory to look back to her personal graces.

Now that she is gone from us, I join with others of her Daughters of Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, D. A. R., in laying a tribute of love and appreciation on her grave. As we inherited her name, may we inherit her high sense of honor, her deep conscientiousness, her motherly care and faithfulness for those who belonged to her, and her absolute loyalty to our Society.

Like a greeting from the other world came to me her book after the message of the wires told me she had crossed the borders. It helped make me feel that she is still with us, to help us and inspire us—as indeed her spirit is.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. JOHN C. AMES, OF CHICAGO, FORMER STATE REGENT, AND NOW VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL FOR ILLINOIS.**

It is with profound sorrow that Illinois records another visitation of the Grim Reaper into the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Again we are bereft of one of our most brilliant and best loved members, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

On December twenty-fifth, when the whole Christian world was filled with happiness, celebrating the birth of our Saviour, after an illness of several months, our beloved Honorary President General quietly entered "that undiscovered country," and joined the choir invisible in singing the glad hosannahs to Christ, whom she so conscientiously followed all her life.

Mrs. Stevenson has held a warm place in the hearts of the Daughters of the American Revolution since the organization of the Society. She was elected three times to the office of President General, being the second and fourth woman to occupy that position. In the years which intervened between the organization and the day of her passing away, she was at all times our "Guide, Philosopher and Friend."

Her last work for the Daughters was putting into book form her personal knowledge of the early history of the National Society. A valuable book, prized not only as a reference book, but as the work of the heart, head and hand of our much beloved Honorary President General.

A summary of Mrs. Stevenson's life is in itself the finest eulogy that could be written of any woman. She was a christian gentlewoman, and whether abroad or standing at the side of her illustrious husband, receiving the homage of the people of our Nation, or quietly teaching her Sunday School class in her home church, she was always the same sweet, gracious, womanly

woman. To those nearest and dearest to her we offer our tenderest sympathy.

To the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, which had so firm a hold upon her affections, to you also we extend our sympathy. May the memory of her loving counsel and beautiful example be an incentive to live for the highest and best that life can give.

It was the duty of your State Regent and Vice President General to bring before the National Board N. S. D. A. R., the official notice of the passing of our Honorary President General into the "Life Eternal." It was with grateful hearts we listened to words of love and praise from friends who had worked with her for many years.

Everywhere Mrs. Stevenson has been known her loss will be felt. But our loss is her gain, and can be no better expressed than by the little verse with which Mrs. Stevenson closes the chapter recording the death of our first President General Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison:

"Death is another life. We bow our heads at going out, we think and enter straight another golden chamber of the King's, larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. GEORGE A. LAWRENCE, OF GALESBURG,  
STATE REGENT OF ILLINOIS**

Your state regent and five thousand Daughters of the American Revolution in Illinois, on this Memorial Day to Mrs. Stevenson, would reverently draw our flags to half mast to show our appreciation, respect and love for her. Sweet and solemn are the thoughts that come as we think of her beneficent life. She was peculiarly yours, at the same time she was ours. She lives in such a rare and beautiful way in what she was to us and what she was for us.

Many are the letters telling of the inspiration Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson was when she was our President General. She was loving, kind, patient, courageous, diligent and careful in every detail of every cause that came before her when she was the head of our organization. She was imbued with a deep sense of justice, and also possessed a heart keen to all human sensibilities. To her, administration of justice was a high duty and a human exercise of power. She was ever a thinker and a student, seeking for the truth at all times. She was thorough, keen, tenacious, and her unflinching loyalty won for her the admiration and friendship of all with whom she was associated. Daughters felt that Mrs. Stevenson was worthy of their trust. She was considerate, kindly, companionable. She made and kept many close friendships, and proved her loyalty by acts of sympathy and helpfulness. In civic betterment she was a support; her accurate insight

into human nature, her business ability and sound judgment gave her prestige and made her opinions of value in municipal, educational and charitable affairs. No wonder that Mrs. Stevenson was a power; no wonder that our national and state organization were proud of and loved her, for such examples of womanhood are rare.

As she saw chiefly the good in those around her, and as her outlook upon the world delighted in the signs of better things for her National Society and for humanity; as her mind was pure, as she made herself felt on the side of right and justice; as she served her God, her country, her home, so may our souls be stirred by desires and resolves to go and do as she has done—live in deeds worthy our day and generation.

Illinois Daughters shall meet and shall miss the sweet presence of our Mrs. Stevenson, but written upon the tables of our hearts is that which will never die. We thank God for having given to the Daughters of the American Revolution such a friend, such a helper, such a leader as was our Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH, OF SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., THE ONLY LIVING FOUNDER OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, ALSO HONORARY VICE-PRESIDENT GENERAL**

It is with mingled sadness and pleasure that I recall the first days, when, as "Daughters," we could claim Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson as our President General and leader, at a most critical period of our history.

We had lost, by death, our first and notable President General, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and through a reverence for her memory, and because the time would be short till the meeting of our Continental Congress, no one had been appointed to take her place, though an appeal had been made for such action. Great anxiety was felt by our Founders and leaders lest the platform that had been established in the appointment of Mrs. Harrison as President General, thus granting us an affiliation with the government of our country, should be abandoned or endangered. The vital amendment of lineal descent, which question had been inserted in the Constitution after it left the hands of our Founders, was pending exciting conditions.

The transfer of the sovereign power of our organization from the Board of Management to the Continental Congress, as representing the people (the members) was yet under its experimental strain. You can therefore, imagine with what relief and exultation these leaders received the gracious reply of Mrs. Stevenson that she would accept the nomination they had offered to her. She was elected with but a nominal opposition, and finally

by the same unanimous vote that carried her into the same high office again and again and again. She was eminently fitted, as by a special Providence, for the responsibilities before her; born in Pennsylvania, of old Kentucky and Virginia lineage, and her mature years spent as a resident of the progressive, enthusiastic Empire State of the grand middle west, who could so readily as she heal the wounds of the civil war, and embrace in her loving soul the heart-sore South, and the exulting North, and seal that union which was a main reason for the organization of our Society.

Her husband, the Vice-President of the United States, whose high character and wise statesmanship was known and recognized in every corner of the land, was devoted to her, and ready to uphold all of her patriotic efforts.

Mrs. Stevenson was a woman of classical education, a rare endowment twenty years ago; and she had the strength of character and breadth of view that well-directed culture gives. In person her presence was commanding, yet gentle; she had a fascinating smile that won the timid and hesitating. She was also gifted with the power of wise selection and discriminating intuition that places the right person to lead an important work, as illustrated in her choice of Mrs. Stranahan to preside, at intervals, in the Second Continental Congress; Mrs. Hogg, as her adviser in question of lineal descent; Mrs. S. V. White, that marvelous philanthropist, to initiate the "daughters" work in the superb monument to the Prison Ship Martyrs; Mrs. Dempster to emphasize our determination to save the Stars and Stripes from desecration; and Mrs. Shepard, to organize the all-important task of giving material life to our dream of a marble palace for our "memorial and Home" in the Capitol of our Nation.

These appointments were like an inspiration, and still more so was the skilled and sagacious way in which she, herself, led our National Society at the World's Columbian Exposition, being on record with Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Henrotin and the group of women notable in that event, of American women. We were proud of our President General, standing in the glare of the "Great White City," in the presence of the assembled world.

Do you wonder then that when our gracious and popular President General, Mrs. J. W. Foster, declared that it was impossible for her to serve in that office more than one year, that we turned eagerly to our true and tried leader, Mrs. Stevenson, and that again, at much personal sacrifice of ease and leisure, she gratified the hopes and demands of her loving "Daughters"; and that we, upon seeing her once more presiding, "went wild with enthusiasm;" such a spontaneous ovation has rarely ever been given to any woman, as the applause with which we then gave expression to our joy and affection.

Under her gentle sway we continued to prosper, we out-grew the little church at the corner of 14th and L streets; we out-grew the Columbia Theatre, at 12th and F streets; we out-grew the Chase Opera House on Pennsylvania Avenue. Under her influence we developed and defined closely our methods of work. We inaugurated the printed Statute Book to give permanence and value to the decrees of the Continental Congress. We began the publication of the now invaluable Lineage Book, and also the Directory.

In the Sixth Continental Congress her firm and fair rulings sustained the defenders of the Constitution of the Society, which was threatened with a sweeping revision that would have changed its character.

Thus in many ways did she help to lay the foundations of this grand society of American women deep and strong; her efforts are impressed on its principles; her name should be "writ large" on the pages of its history. Its membership can look to her record for an example of justice and gentleness and breadth of vision—equalled it is true, by that of her gifted and honored sister, Mrs. Scott, our other President General (for their names are indelibly linked in the history of this Society), whose strong hand guided wisely the many untried and new members of a later day; and whose generous ways decked our marble palace with a regal wealth of flowers, and brought into it the highest officers of the Government of the United States to pay their homage to the memorial we women have wrought to the Founders of the Great Republic those officers now serve.

Truly the contrast is great between the palatial Home of our Society now, and the "dark, steep stairway," our beloved Second President General, Mrs. Stevenson, climbed to "the little narrow room over the Riggs Bank," where she first presided over the Board of Management.

"Ah, then the Captain of our ranks has fallen!  
And 'twas she—our Second President General,  
'Twas she who then our slender columns led,  
Gathering a mighty force to win the fight,  
Keeping our Country's Flag always in sight,  
'Twas she who worked with us in our great cause,  
And from every heart let our applause  
Ring forth afar, Oh, Daughters, fair and proud!  
But hush, hush ye, sing ye no longer loud;  
Soft be your sounded praises like memory's minor lay,  
For she of whom we sing tonight has gently passed away,  
Only the great example of her life, so great and true,  
Like a whispered benediction rests on me and rests on you!"



**TRIBUTE BY MRS. WILLIAM D. CABELL, OF CHICAGO, HONORARY PRESIDENT PRESIDING**

The death of Mrs. Stevenson has carried sadness into many hearts. None who knew her can fail to grieve over the passing from out of their lives of that sweet and gracious personality.

To me the loss is very great, as we were united in sentiment during the critical early days of the organization of our great Society—the Daughters of the American Revolution. I have always greatly valued her harmonizing influence upon very complicated and even antagonistic conditions evident in those times, and it has been a source of permanent satisfaction to me that through the devotion of my personal friends in the Society, I was able to contribute towards her first election to the high office she filled so well. When, at the election by the Second Continental Congress, February, 1893, my name was among those urged for the office of which I was discharging the duties, I prevailed upon my friends to permit me to withdraw it openly, and to transfer their votes to Mrs. Stevenson, whom I had already named to them as the proper successor to Mrs. Harrison, and my judgment in this matter was confirmed, not only by Mrs. Stevenson's first tenure of office, but by her unanimous re-election after the one intervening administration of Mrs. Foster. Such a re-election, under such circumstances, was the truest possible testimonial to the beautiful qualities of one whom so many united to value and to love.

That the honor and welfare of our Society, unique in its organization and its aims, may be always upheld by the leadership of such women as its two earliest presidents, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Stevenson, is the profound wish of the woman who in person presided over its first meeting for formal organization on October 11, 1890.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL**

It has been one of the highest privileges of my life to have enjoyed the friendship and companionship of Mrs. Stevenson for many years, from her first temporary residence in Washington up to the time of her death and for a portion of her visit in foreign lands. In the intimate relationship we sustained during that period I came to know and value the high and noble qualities of her character. Her family relations were ideal. She gave her unreserved devotion to her husband in high office. She was a thorough American, a patriot who fully appreciated the blessings which our forefathers had secured to us as a people and as individuals, and as a twice elected President of our National

Society, and in her personal relations was an efficient worker to honor the memory and perpetuate the principles of the heroes of the Revolution. As a member of society her influence was always on the side of pure and noble aspirations, and in her intercourse with those about her she never failed to spread a genial and loving spirit. Above all, she was a sincere and earnest Christian, and with becoming modesty, she obeyed her Master's command to so let her light shine before men, that they saw her works and glorified her Heavenly Father.

Though she has gone from our presence, she still lives amongst us in the memory of her noble life.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. DANIEL MANNING, OF ALBANY, NEW YORK,  
HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL**

Mrs. Adlai Stevenson was a woman of rare sweetness of character and strong personality. Every responsibility that came to her she met with charming grace and dignity. As wife of Post Master General or Vice-President of the United States and as President General of the D. A. R., she won distinction for her executive ability and devotion to the upbuilding of the society. She was a loyal friend and I send this little tribute to one I loved through a long and happy association.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. DONALD McLEAN, OF NEW YORK CITY, HON-  
ORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL**

Over twenty years ago, there journeyed to Washington (in my own person) a young woman, inexperienced in aught save social life, ignorant of the whys and wherefores, the ways and means of woman's organized activities; but instinct with the respect for upright dealings and filled with an inner love of truth, justice and honor (the priceless heritage of an unstained ancestry)—and these qualities needed but the magic touch of a noble leader, to awaken them to action, and to arouse the fealty and loyalty of an enthusiastic soul. Such leader arose before these mine eyes, in the full beautitude of her precious personality—a loved and loving, a wise and generous President General Daughters American Revolution, Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

This writer believes that Mrs. Stevenson, whose serene and lovely face, framed in its golden hair, indicated the nobility of nature and the rightful pride of an indomitable soul, wielded an influence far beyond that which she herself realized. A boon she was to women—and to the Society D. A. R., which needed her, reposed confidence in her superlative ability and gave devotion to her presence, which presence at once illumined and stilled the mind and soul of the assembled multitude.

Feeling these things so keenly as does the writer, may she relate the fact already upon the records of the Society—that it was upon the motion of Mrs. Donald McLean of New York, that Mrs. Stevenson's election to a third term (not consecutive) as President General, was made unanimous and to Mrs. Stevenson came this honor for the first and last time in the history of the D. A. R.

Added to her own gifts was the sure foundation of her husband's wisdom and supporting strength.

Even these few words—inadequate in statement (and of a brevity necessitated by the fact that others, too, desire to lay memorial words about her imperishable memory), cannot be transcribed without a word of gratitude to him who, as her husband, gave himself even tho Vice-President of these United States, the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, to this organization, which can never fail to hold him in grateful recollection.

The last gift from Mrs. Stevenson's own dear hands came as "Hail and Farewell" to this Daughter (one of her successors as President General National Society D. A. R.), viz., the "Brief History National Society Daughters of the American Revolution," an invaluable record of our D. A. R. days, in the first quarter century of the society's existence.

Whatever the future may bring of effort or activities it cannot recall her nor eclipse her estimable achievements.

"We may go to her—she cannot return to us."

God comfort those she has left—and reunite us, one and all, in a glorious immortality.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. MIRANDA B. TULLOCH, OF WASHINGTON,  
D. C., WHO SERVED AS TREASURER GENERAL AND VICE-  
PRESIDENT GENERAL DURING MRS. STEVENSON'S ADMIN-  
ISTRATION**

It is a peculiar satisfaction to me to pay my tribute of respect and love for Mrs. Stevenson. She was a woman of sweet and winning personality, possessing rare gifts of mind and heart. She was a devoted wife and mother, loyal to her friends, true to her convictions and thoroughly imbued with patriotism and love of courtesy. Her services as President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution cannot be overestimated. Although the Society had been ably guided from its inception, yet it was in a formative period when Mrs. Stevenson was elected president, and required great skill and thought to guide and direct its affairs. Daughters were ambitious and restless, fond of parliamentary discussions. Although there was a constitution and by-laws, much wearisome time was spent in interpreting them. It was a great delight to me when I saw the dignified par-

liamentarian of the United States Senate sitting at the right hand of Mrs. Stevenson. He had been instructed by the Vice President, her ever devoted and courteous husband, to assist her and decide all difficult questions, feeling assured she needed a parliamentarian more than he did. Since that time a parliamentarian has been employed by Congress.

While Mrs. Stevenson, in her "History of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution" describes receptions and social events of others, she modestly omits her own delightful receptions.

I recall one among the many given by her to the National Society then in session, resident Daughters and visitors. This was February 22nd, 1894, in the parlors of the Normandie, from 4 to 6 P. M. The rooms were beautifully decorated, flags were draped above the doorways, and caught back with clusters of flowers. A great number of palms and cut flowers adorned the rooms. In the tea room the decorations were of red and on the table a large center piece of scarlet tulips. The collation of salads and ices was served by dainty young ladies, who were also pages in the Congress. Mrs. Stevenson was always tastefully gowned. On this occasion she received in a dress of white satin, trimmed with ermine and crystal lace. The guests, after greeting Mrs. Stevenson, were presented by her to her husband, the Vice-President. She was ably assisted by her National officers, and other prominent women attending the Congress.

It was my good fortune to serve under her leadership in two capacities, first as Treasurer General, later as Vice President General. As Treasurer General, I came to know and appreciate the sterling qualities she possessed. She was ever faithful to the duties of her office, and labored to place the Society on a firm foundation. She was anxious that funds should be conserved so that in the near future we could possess a home worthy of those who made this nation free and independent. She advised me personally or by letter to use tact and discretion with members or chapters who did not realize the importance of promptly fulfilling their obligations.

I have some autograph letters from her which I greatly treasure. I will close this brief tribute by quoting a portion of a letter from her, written February 6th, 1894, in response to a letter of sympathy from me, which embodies the guiding principle which influenced her life.

"Your letter of sympathy has been a great comfort to me, and from the depths of a sad heart I thank you for it. But it is not backward but forward we all must look, they, our loved ones, cannot come to us, but we can go to them. So surely do I believe in the resurrection of those who die in the Lord that it already begins to be a sweet and cheering thought that the now sainted

daughter who was so eminently the home daughter, will be the daughter sainted and glorified to welcome us home as one by one we all sooner or later gather on the shore."

Her spirit has taken flight from this fragile tenement of clay, and from the mystery of life her soul has passed within the greater mystery of life eternal.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP, OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, FOUNDER OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION**

Seasons come and go with unvarying regularity, filled with work for human hands and hearts. Never a day passes without some fulfillment of this work by which the world is benefited. Enrichment is it for any life to be able to visualize the part of the world's work lying directly at the door of such a life. Double enrichment when the work is acknowledged, picked up and done.

A willing soul meets the Lord half way in this matter of picking up work for the world's betterment. Such willingness presupposes long areas of the past, getting ready to meet the Lord half way. No one is immediately prepared for such glorious co-operation; Frances Ridley Havergal's prayer is good to remember: "Prepare me, oh God, for what Thou are preparing for me."

As well try to leap into a swirling current, without the swimmer's preparatory regimen of daily training. Who dares the test of any trial without first battling with the elements that threaten. Each soul that comes out unscathed from the strain of circumstance, of environment, of all the baffling antagonisms of life that surround every human being from the cradle to the grave, does so by virtue of his or her equipment by long and patient training. He meets his or her duties by the way; simply accepts them and passes on to higher work. Such is a rare soul.

When I first met Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson so many years ago, I classified her at once as one of these rare souls. Long acquaintance only increased my belief that she had merited such classification. She won my attention by the sweet womanliness that shone from her face and was revealed in her voice. I do not mean that sweetness in face and voice carrying with it the thought of mere amiability. Mrs. Stevenson was far from being that type of woman. Here was the Christ-like sweetness of life and demeanor that permeated the deep strength of the inner life. Here was a nature trained by years of experience to pick up those great duties that lay in her path. When she was urged to accept the duty of guiding the Daughters of the American Revolution, did she shrink from the task? Mrs. Stevenson took the work as

from the hands of the Lord. And through all the years in which she guided us, she never faltered, but worked on in that co-operation with the Master.

The next thing that I noticed in studying Mrs. Stevenson was her great ability. How gentle she was, but oh, how strong and executive! Oh, do not let us forget the trials and struggles of those pioneers—the early workers in our great organization!

It is not given to us to fully realize them; only those who were part and parcel of those early days can do so. But we can tell the story for those who followed the pioneers, till every young Daughter knows it by heart.

What Mrs. Stevenson did to hold us together and guide us, was most admirable work, and we are reaping the benefits today. We can never be grateful enough for her administration those two earlier terms, and again, those two additional ones when she was recalled by the insistent desire of the National Society to be its President-General.

Then I came into contact with her in the matters pertaining to the Great Cause which I had proposed and originated at the Congress D. A. R., in 1895—The National Society of the Children of the American Revolution; oh, how I trembled to introduce that Cause!—for it was in the early days, remember, when all our energies were strained to properly project and equip our own organization. But the voice of the Lord rang through my soul telling me to do it, and I had but to obey.

How kind she was! How receptive to the need of such a cause being upheld by the D. A. R. Here the soul of the woman shone forth and her belief in the fundamental principle of life that puts a duty upon women especially, to safeguard the youth of our Country, made me love her then and there.

There were so many obstacles in the way of the Cause. So few of the D. A. R. at first saw its need. Others thought it might be postponed, for the better forging ahead of the work of the D. A. R. itself. Some royal souls saw the time was ripe for the work to begin, realizing, oh, how true that was—that we could best advance the interests of the D. A. R. by looking out for the childhood of the Nation—and the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution was born into the world!

I ever found dear Mrs. Stevenson one of those royal souls who in every way in her power bade me God-speed in my work for this Cause. And one of the sweetest flowers of my remembrance that shall never wither, is the friendship with her that it brought me, and the insight into her rare and gracious spirit that was pure as a child's, and radiant with the strength and beauty of true womanhood.

**TRIBUTE BY MRS. THOMAS MORGAN, OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA,  
FORMER STATE REGENT OF GEORGIA, AND ONE OF MRS.  
STEVENSON'S MANY DEVOTED SOUTHERN FRIENDS**

Fully realizing that my talent is too feeble to meet adequately the sad and honorable part accorded me in the Memorial Meeting to be held today, yet affectionate admiration and high appreciation of difficult services nobly rendered will help me to offer a simple, heartfelt tribute to the memory of a distinguished woman four times called upon to assume the leadership of the large affairs of a great Society—a Society which has won the approving attention of the Nation, which has in many directions eased the burdens of appealing humanity and added a new grace and purpose to further enhance the joys and usefulness of the American home.

When I first met Mrs. Stevenson I was fresh from my dear old Southland, and was held somewhat tight in the grip of conservatism, was loyal to its long established customs and traditions, in which "woman's sphere" is clearly defined by the unwritten code of conventions. My associates, when they heard I would attend the Continental Congress, and as State Regent of Georgia, advocate certain measures, exclaimed, "Why will you go and make a speech in public: none of the women of your people ever did such a thing before."

When Mrs. Stevenson, gracefully and graciously, came upon the stage, and assumed the duties of her high office, I realized with a swelling heart, and quick sympathy, that a woman could meet the new conditions facing her sex, could cross the threshold of her home and enter into the busy activities of a larger world, illustrate the potentialities of women to be useful as citizens, as patriots in the uplift work of our common country, respond to any reasonable call for co-operation in altruistic endeavor, and be the same woman who typifies the highest ideals of wife, mother and social leader. She can be this and something more by addition, not by substitution.

Mrs. Stevenson was a beloved and successful President General. The society over which she presided with so much tact, ease, and ability, developed wonderfully along many lines during her administration.

It may be claimed she was not directly concerned and active in all these developments and improvements, but undoubtedly her calm judgment, her gentle but strong insistence on the right, her decisions never controlled by the personal equation or circumstance, her strict construction of the law, that defines the duties of those holding the trusts and offices of the Society, were a compelling and illuminating influence throughout the length and

breadth of the organization, and kept its pulse from at any time reaching a dangerous temperature.

As our President General, Mrs. Stevenson accorded every right and privilege to the least known member of the Continental Congress, she put herself in helpful touch with the most timid delegate; but all recognized her as an aristocrat, "one of the fine minority"; with this recognition the membership rested easy in the thought that high birth carries an inherent sense of obligation on the part of the possessor to give her best; with Mrs. Stevenson, her position as President General quickly developed her latent talent for generalship, and she marshalled her forces promptly to the achievement of the plans and purposes of the organization.

Perhaps she had her failings. If so, I never saw them. Being human and called to an unique and exalted public station, she formed a shining mark, but if criticisms were aroused, which I never heard, the shadow soon disappeared before the sunshine and blue sky she left all along her pathway. She was gentle, sympathetic, courteous, just and strong; womanly and tender, as she needs must have been by birth and training, and yet formed to fill completely the enormous position to which she was urgently called.

She has fallen asleep and now rests in sweet peace in the House of Everlasting Silence.

The hearts of the members of the Society she loved well and served faithfully, are full of an enduring regret that she will no more move among us to encourage us in well doing.

We will keep lovely memories of her in our hearts—unfading immortelles—that bear tribute to a good and distinguished woman, an exquisite lady, a President General who ruled over a great body of women with a gentleness that was never weakness, with justice that was always tempered by consideration, with ability that was always womanly even in its sturdy manifestations, with a righteousness that crowned her with love and admiration while she abided among us, and is earning a richer reward, now that she has been called Upward.

**TRIBUTE BY MISS AMARYLLIS GILLETT, FORMERLY OF ELKHART, ILLINOIS, BUT NOW OF WASHINGTON, D. C., WHO HAS SERVED AS LIBRARIAN GENERAL**

Appreciating the privilege of paying a tribute to the lovely and winning personality of our noble leader, who has so recently passed to the life beyond, I will say that from my earliest recollections, I have known and valued Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson as a typical exponent of gracious womanhood.

Possessed of a feminine charm which won all hearts, she presided with equal grace at the hearthstone, by the side of her



honored husband in the limelight of official life, and in the halls of fame as leader of our greatest patriotic order of women.

It is from the potent example of such women that a new type of woman is known and exalted in our nation, or, rather it is woman today again acknowledged as she was in Revolutionary times, a factor in the wondrous progress of our Western world. They who live in the ideal but work in the real life to develop and proclaim pure patriotism.

(A list of the resolutions from Chapters throughout the country bearing upon the beautiful character of Mrs. Stevenson was read by Mrs. Carl Vrooman.)

**TRIBUTE BY DR. JOHN W. DINSMORE, OF SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA, WHO WAS FOR TWENTY YEARS PASTOR OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BLOOMINGTON; CONTRIBUTES HIS LOVING APPRECIATION OF MRS. STEVENSON'S LIFE AND CHARACTER**

I have been informed by your Regent that it is your purpose to hold a memorial service in honor of that blessed woman for whom your chapter is named, and who has lately departed out of this world; and I have been requested to send a tribute to her memory to be presented at this meeting.

I am thankful for the privilege of laying a modest chaplet on the grave of this honored and beloved woman. And I beg you to accept what I here say as coming from myself not only, but no less from my dear wife, who has been deeply and tenderly attached to Mrs. Stevenson for many long years. Indeed, it voices the feelings of all my children, too, who were taught from their earliest childhood to hold her in the highest respect and admiration.

I have known Mrs. Stevenson for more than forty years. When I made her acquaintance she was in the bloom and beauty of her early wifehood and motherhood. I soon came to regard her with great admiration for the singular charm of her personality, and with warm appreciation of the uncommon grace, beauty and nobility of her character. These feelings grew in depth and strength through all the passing years, and were never more alive than at the end.

Mrs. Stevenson was well-born and well-bred. Through a line of worthy progenitors, she inherited integrity, valor and gentle blood. Her father was an eminent and eloquent minister of the gospel, a man of high character, wide reputation and great influence. Her queenly mother is still remembered by many of you, for, who that ever knew her can forget her?

In consequence, Mrs. Stevenson had the advantage of the best education and the best social and religious environment from the first. So she grew up, combining in herself, and in striking proportion and symmetry, those charms of body, mind and heart which made her singularly attractive, and which called forth not only the admiration but the spontaneous affection, of all who fell under the wholesome spell of her presence. There was nothing whatever of the bold, the self-assertive, or mannish in her nature; all that was utterly alien and hateful to her; but there was a combination of gentleness and strength, of modesty and high spirit, which was at once striking and beautiful. She was called to fill many and various positions in her life in the home, in society, in the church, and in the larger sphere of public life into which she accompanied her honored husband, and yet she never held a position which she did not dignify and adorn. Beauty of person, brightness of mind, breadth of intelligence, soundness of principle, sweetness of disposition, vivacity, courage, unflinching loyalty and devotion to whatever person or thing she set her heart upon, were all blended and balanced in her as they are in but few. Upon her husband and children, first of all, then upon near kindred and close friends, she lavished the wealth of her rich and affectionate nature without reluctance or reserve. Indeed, upon all with whom she came in contact there fell the impression of simplicity, sincerity, and all-pervasive good-will, which at once won reciprocal sympathy and friendship. Often and for long periods of time, she was a great sufferer from intense bodily pain, but from these baptisms of agony she always emerged with a spirit which was neither broken nor soured. Over all she was a serene and undoubted victor.

Mrs. Stevenson was born to an inheritance and citizenship in the Commonwealth of Christ. She had a birthright in the Kingdom of Heaven. This high dignity and great blessing she openly claimed for herself in her early girlhood, and she steadfastly held to it, prized it and rejoiced in it to the end. The Risen and Glorified Christ she implicitly trusted as her Saviour, and reverently adored as her Lord. She accepted with joy the responsibilities of the Christian life, discharged its duties with fidelity, and bore its trials with meekness and fortitude. His grace was sufficient for her. On Christmas night last, her sweet, chastened, modest and sainted spirit ascended out of the realm of shadows and suffering, into His presence, and she saw face to face, Him whom she had long loved and adored. Dear, suffering, sainted and victorious Friend, All Hail, and Farewell; till the shadows vanish and the darkness disappears!

Through the sacred portals of the home where she so long reigned as queen I shall not here and now attempt to pass. Into that sanctuary no outsider, however near, may presume to

enter. It is enough to say that her husband praises her in the gates, and her children and grandchildren rise up and call her blessed. Now, in the bitter grief and lonesomeness of the separation, they must feel a pathetic and solemn pride that they had so much to give up. A great multitude mingle their tears with theirs, and besides there are many hundreds, probably thousands, near and far away, on earth and some in heaven, who gratefully acknowledge the blessed touch of her gracious ministry.

Dear Ladies: I beg you to dismiss all suspicion that these words are in any sense or degree fulsome or extravagant. Those who know me know well that it is not my habit to speak idle and wanton words in praise of the dead; least of all to speak such words of a dear and cherished friend. That would be a desecration of her memory. For more than twenty years I was her pastor, and for more than forty I have been her friend, and these are the words of truth and soberness. During all these years myself and my family have enjoyed the close and affectionate friendship of her who has gone and of her family. Let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I ever forget their gracious offices of love to me and mine.

Let me close this paper by avowing my assured faith in the sweet words of quaint old George Herbert:

These eyes again thine eyes shall see;  
These hands again thy hands enfold,  
And all sweet pleasures to be told  
Shall everlasting be.

(Mrs. Stevenson did not confine her interests to the Daughters of the American Revolution, but found a place in her great heart and mind for the work of the Woman's Clubs throughout the country.)

**MRS. CAROLINE F. J. KIMBALL, A FORMER REGENT OF THE  
CHAPTER SPOKE OF MRS. STEVENSON'S INTEREST IN THE  
WOMAN'S CLUB OF BLOOMINGTON**

We knew her as—

“A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command.”

When to any community comes the loss of such a one as was our much loved Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, many strings of the harp of life are touched and the vibrations echo from many hearts.

A perfect type of ideal womanhood, born for leadership and command, she gathered about her many women who gladly followed wherever she led.

One of the largest movements with which she identified herself, and to which she gave generously of her thoughts, her time, and her strength, was the Woman's Club of Bloomington.

This was organized March 22, 1897, at a time when women were beginning to heed the calls to social service in aid of those outside of the home, and to feel that such service could be best rendered through organization.

Mrs. Stevenson, pre-eminently a home-maker, but nevertheless one who never evaded a responsibility or a duty, heard the call, and headed the movement for a union of the women of our city, for co-operative work for themselves individually and for the civic body.

For four years she served as president of the club. Those four years saw steady progress along all lines of activity, and when at the end of this period she felt that she must retire and leave the burden to other hands it was with the greatest regret that her resignation was accepted.

At the same time she was unanimously and enthusiastically elected President Emeritus.

To her work in the early years of its existence, the club is greatly indebted. Because of her leadership, her example and her counsel we are better women and better citizens, with a wider view of our responsibilities.

An able parliamentarian, a wise and judicious presiding officer, her beautiful personality, her gracious bearing and her never failing courtesy endeared her to every member. With the poet we would say:

"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,  
In every gesture dignity and love."

**MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT, HONORARY PRESIDENT GENERAL,  
OFFERED A SISTER'S TRIBUTE**

Through the vista of years, my thoughts turn to a line of distinguished women, whose ability and fidelity, dedicated to the objects, traditions and ideals of our Society, have lent it lustre and deathless fame. A deeper touch, a tenderer thrill throbs through every fibre of my being, as today I bring my leaf to the wreath of memory, which gathers every leaf, every flower, every petal of this sacred hour, in a garland of everlasting remembrance.

Especially tender and pathetic for me is this service, sacred to the memory of the lovely and sainted woman, whose historic name our beloved chapter bears. The spirit of Letitia Green Stevenson lingers in our beautiful city, a fragrant memory and our chapter is honored in the name which links us closely with

one of the most beloved women in our country—a name that wherever it is spoken, has become a synonym for feminine charm, dignity and tact.

Not only is the impress of her beautiful character and her fine personality stamped upon this splendid Letitia Green Stevenson chapter—but upon the great organization of which she was the second President General. Her image is an abiding inspiration, and her memory will become one of those beautiful finger-marks in the path of time, that even the years cannot obliterate.

My personal feeling is too deep for utterance, as I recall the passionate loyalty to our great Society, and its highest interests which inspired this noble and devoted woman.

For me the loss of her counsel and sympathy, her confidence and her affection, is unspeakable. The fragile frame held a spirit so true, so radiant with that sincerity which is a cordial to the soul—that I bow my head in sorrow that no words can express.

Through the last months of suffering and weakness—faithful unto death—her great heart still turned to her beloved D. A. R. Society, and the great interests it represents.

I am sure I may be forgiven in this pathetic hour, for speaking of her devotion to myself, which was a tower of strength, a strong staff I leaned upon, a resource in trial that never failed me.

The loss and the grief are ours. “She has passed serenely where, beyond these voices, there is peace.” And of her it may truly be said, “Before she closed her eyes for the last time, she found upon the record of her stewardship no act of injustice, no failure of duty, no shadow of wrong, nor anything that would leave a blot upon her soul or a stain upon her memory.”

Dr. J. N. Elliott offered the closing prayer.

#### MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

MRS. SAIN WELTY

MRS. ERNEST MAMMEN

MRS. HERBERT M. ROLLINS

MRS. HARVEY C. DEMOTTE

MRS. CAROLINE F. J. KIMBALL

MRS. RALPH E. BROWN

**Adlai Ewing Stevenson**

Passed Away at the

Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago

on the

Morning of June 14, 1914

**EDITORIAL FROM THE BLOOMINGTON BULLETIN, JUNE 15**

In sombre contrast to the home-comings of other days was the scene at the railway station last night where relatives and friends gathered to accompany the body of former Vice-President Stevenson to the hearth that had been the stage of so many charming and memorable hospitalities, but now hushed by the hand of death.

On more than one great national occasion Mr. Stevenson had been welcomed home from victories which brought high honor to his city, and the greeting of waving flags, blaring bands and cheering hosts was like the tributes given conquering generals of old.

Bloomington is justly proud of the high achievements of a universally loved and respected citizen who brought fame to the community in which he lived. Gaining almost the supreme ambition of the American citizen and standing for full half a century in the limelight as a state and national figure, it was but natural that Bloomington should have felt a pride and proprietary interest in his career, but it is as a friend and neighbor that he was best loved and is most deeply mourned in his home city, and a higher tribute could not be paid a public man. The tall commanding figure and courtly grace of one of the last of the gentlemen and statesmen of the old school, with the pleasant smile and cordial greeting for townspeople, big and little, will be singularly missed from the streets of Bloomington. His home life was something ideal in mutual affection, his wife, who so lately went before, having realized the highest type of womanhood, and the gatherings there on occasions of notable visitors or local entertainment are events that will never be effaced from memory. Mr. Stevenson's wonderful memory which served him so well in affairs of state was especially felicitous in the matter of after-dinner talks or informal conversation and his fund of intimate stories of men and events and his captivating manner of telling them made his presence at any social event a joy. His fame in this regard was nation wide and during his many years' residence in Washington and travels on public business he was in constant demand. Fortunately his reminiscences of the great men of America covering more than fifty years will not be lost, his book "Something of Men I Have Known," being a priceless legacy to history, as treating the great figures of the most stirring times in a vein wholly apart from prosaic statistics.

Mr. Stevenson's gentle and lovable disposition and keen but kindly wit coupled with an integrity in public and private life that never felt a breath of scandal, made it possible for him to accomplish a miracle. He was possibly the only man in America who loomed large and who was an intense partisan in the days

when oratory on the stump was fiercely bitter, who was able to go through the hardest fought campaigns in the forefront of battle and still emerge without a personal enemy. So general was the feeling of friendship and respect that he was twice elected to congress as a Democrat in a strongly Republican district, and came within a hairsbreadth of carrying the state of Illinois as a Democrat in a presidential year when the head of the Republican ticket went in on an overwhelming majority. So general was the respect and affection that the demonstrations from time to time when he was the central figure in great political contests were Bloomington mass meetings rather than Democratic rallies.

While Mr. Stevenson goes out from a perfectly rounded life rich in honors and ripe in years and passes to the reward of one strong in the faith of his fathers, nevertheless Bloomington parts with him with deep sorrow. Time had not dulled his wit or deadened his interest in matter of the moment and the younger generation had not learned to look upon him as an old man.

Perhaps no finer concluding chapter could be given any man than to have grown old so gracefully and beautifully that the world did not know it.

#### EDITORIAL FROM THE BLOOMINGTON PANTAGRAPH, JUNE 15

In the passing of Hon. Adlai Ewing Stevenson, Bloomington loses its best known and most honored citizen. Coming to this community from Kentucky as a youth in the fifties, he grew rapidly into the confidence of his fellow citizens and this confidence gained him high public honors, altho he was allied with the party which has been in the minority most of the time since the civil war.

As much as anything else the life of Mr. Stevenson illustrated the power and influence of personality in reaching prominence in public affairs. First of all he was a gentleman under every condition and even in the days when party lines were strictly drawn and party feeling ran high he numbered his following far beyond his party's strength. This was demonstrated by his election to congress twice in a strong Republican district and by the narrow margin of his defeat in two other instances.

In the first Cleveland administration Mr. Stevenson was honored with the important appointment of first assistant postmaster general. By 1892 he had become a national figure and in that year was nominated and elected to the second highest office in the gift of the American people—the vice presidency. Again in 1900 he was the candidate of his party for the same office. In 1908, as Democratic candidate for governor of Illinois, he was defeated by scant thousands in a heavy Republican year.

Although public demands upon him were many, Mr. Steven-



son found time during his later years to write a book of reminiscences of his long public life, which ranks high in its particular field. Free from rancor and political prejudice this volume possesses an intimate quality which reflects many of the characteristics of Mr. Stevenson and discloses the impulses which resulted in its author's many achievements.

Mr. Stevenson's life spanned the most eventful and important period of American history. It began under the era of slavery, witnessed the great sectional agitation which brought on the civil war, saw the overthrow of the rebellion and the restoration of the union on a stronger basis than ever before and was contemporary with the great development period of the nation. In all this time he was a more or less prominent and active figure.

Mr. Stevenson was a model citizen in all the walks of life—affectionate and devoted to his family, deeply interested in his community and solicitous for the welfare of his state and his country. Full of honors, he lived far past his allotted three score and ten, but has died too soon, in the opinion of all who knew him.

#### A PROCLAMATION PUBLISHED JUNE 16th

The nation has lost one of its noblest sons, and we his neighbors feel keenest his passing away. Bloomington is in tears. The tenderest child, the bent old, those occupied in the professions and in business feel alike the spell of sorrow. There was only one Mr. Stevenson. Our loved city shall not have his like again. To him who has so exalted our community we cannot do enough honor.

By virtue of my office as Mayor of Bloomington I commend the business men of Bloomington in their purpose to close their doors tomorrow between the hours of 2 and 4 o'clock when the funeral will be in progress.

JAMES COSTELLO,  
*Mayor of the City of Bloomington.*

#### JUNE 17

Under the slanting rays of the afternoon sun of a beautiful June day, they lowered to its last earthly house the mortal part of Adlai E. Stevenson, while all the city mourned in the presence of its people, and all the state paid honor through the presence of its highest officials, and the nation sent its tribute of respect in the persons of some of its distinguished present and past officials.

The simple service of burial—a word of scripture and a breath of prayer—followed several hours of more formal honors given

as the last meed of sorrow for the passing of a man whom his neighbors and fellow citizens ever held in high esteem.

Early in the afternoon, incoming trains from several directions brought here a group of public men from all parts of the country.

Governor and Mrs. Dunne, the Governor's Staff and all the State Officers were present from Springfield; also, former Vice President, Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis, Indiana, Ex-Secretary of the Interior, David R. Francis, of St. Louis, who was a member of the Cleveland Cabinet at the time Mr. Stevenson was Vice President. The Iroquois Club of Chicago sent a large delegation. In addition there were many relatives and friends from a distance.

At 12:30 o'clock the funeral party left the Stevenson home, and proceeded to the court house, where the body of Mr. Stevenson lay in state from that time until 2:45 p. m. The procession from the residence to the court house was led by the famous 1892 Stevenson escort of forty members, Company D, Fifth Infantry, Illinois National Guard, the pallbearers and the honorary pallbearers.

#### THOUSANDS VIEWED BODY

The bier which was surrounded by a profusion of floral offerings rested near the northwest corner of the main corridor of the court house. Above it on the walls were draped silk flags and from the west arch of the corridor nearly directly over the casket was draped a large American flag.

A guard of honor of eight members of Company D guarded the body, one holding an American flag, draped with crepe.

Another guard of soldiers stationed at the entrance and the exit assisted in ushering the crowds thru the county building and Sheriff Reeder and his deputies, stationed at the east entrance, kept the crowd in proper line of march so that there was no confusion whatever. From the hour that the casket found a resting place in the corridor of the county building until 2:45 o'clock there was a steady stream of humanity which wended its way past the bier of the departed, to catch one fleeting glance of the countenance of the deceased statesman. It is conservatively estimated that fully 7,000 people viewed the body.

When the hour of the funeral services at the church arrived, there were hundreds of people who had congregated at the east door, who could not be admitted to the building by reason of lack of time in which to allow them to pass thru. The court house yard was filled with people and the streets in the uptown district were packed almost to their capacity.

The funeral procession formed at the west side of the court house square and the body was taken from the west entrance. The Bloomington band led the procession and played softly

"Dolore," a funeral dirge by Pettee. Next in order came Rev. J. N. Elliott of the Second Presbyterian church and Rev. Edgar D. Jones of the First Christian church, followed by the pallbearers and the honorary pallbearers. Then came Vice-President Fairbanks, Gov. Edward F. Dunne, Ex-Gov. Fifer, President David Felmley, and many other notables of which mention is made elsewhere. Then came the members of the McLean County Bar Association; the Stevenson escort, officers and employes of the People's Bank, and Mayor Costello and the members of the city council and officials of the city administration. A platoon of police handled the crowd along the line of march and also guarded the entrances at the church during the hour of the funeral service.

#### **SERVICES IN THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH REMARKS OF EDGAR DE WITT JONES**

For more than two decades Bloomington, Illinois, has been known this nation over as the home of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson. Because of him more than any other man the name of the city we love has gone the world round. Verily it is true that "none of us liveth to himself and none dieth to himself." In the life and death of Mr. Stevenson his fame and glory are shared with the nation he served, the state he honored, and especially with the city where his home has been for half a century.

Mr. Stevenson's public career was long, varied and distinguished. Congressman, assistant postmaster general, vice president of the United States, member of the monetary commission to England, France and Germany, nominee of his party for vice president in 1900 and 1908 candidate for governor of Illinois in what was the most extraordinary campaign of his entire career—such in barest outline was our first citizen's life in the nation.

Singularly strong and praiseworthy were certain qualities in Mr. Stevenson's life as a public man. First, and foremost, is the fact that throughout his long and notable career he ever wore the white flower of a blameless life. Active as he was in a political period characterized by campaigns of personalities and incriminations and marred sometimes by methods now discredited Mr. Stevenson kept his heart pure. Through forty years of public service and a score of successful campaigns he bore his escutcheon unspotted to the end.

Mr. Stevenson was a party man, but not a partisan. In a day when prejudice and rancor were rife and party spirit ran riot, Mr. Stevenson preserved that fine large charity which "vaunteth not itself" and "thinketh no evil." Here at home in the midst of campaigns of widespread interest and elections fraught with intense excitement he was never known to engage in controversy or arguments with his fellow townsmen who differed with him

politically. Moreover he numbered among his closest friends many men of political views other than his own. This of itself is an extraordinary tribute to a nature which was large and generous and possessing a perfect genius for friendship.

Mr. Stevenson's friends in public life included the most distinguished leaders of the last thirty or forty years. Congressmen, senators, justices of the supreme court, cabinet officers, presidents, with them he mingled alike, honoring and being honored. Fortunately these rich and varied experiences are in a measure treasured up for us and for those who shall come after us, in his fascinating book, "Something of Men I Have Known," a volume that will be read with interest and profit by thousands yet to be.

Bloomington was justly proud of its first citizen and delighted to do him honor. No notable event in this city was complete without Mr. Stevenson's presence and participation. How often his voice has been heard at great gatherings, in conventions, at banquet boards and in memorial meetings. This comfortable home on Franklin park square has been our city's golden milestone, where all our main traveled streets converged. When our friends came from afar their visits were consummated when they had called upon our first citizen. How wide the doors. How generous the hospitality of that home! How unfailing the courtesy of that genial host! How courtly his manner! All in all we shall not look upon his like again.

And now he is gone Bloomington can never be again just what it was when Mr. Stevenson was alive. The old homestead on the park square will be eloquent in its loneliness. We shall miss the courtly figure from our streets and seek in vain the outstretched hand of greeting. But nothing, thank God! can deprive us of his memory.

Today loving friends and neighbors will lay our chief citizen to rest by the side of the wife of his youth and not far from that illustrious group of his old-time friends, who have gone on before—David Davis and Matthew T. Scott; Isaac Phillips and Gen. McNulta; Lawrence Weldon and Robert Williams, and in the years to come what the tomb of Clay is to Lexington, what the shrine of Jefferson is to Monticello, so shall the grave of Stevenson be to Bloomington.

#### REMARKS OF REV. J. N. ELLIOTT

"If we were assembled here to give public welcome to Mr. Stevenson, returning from the fulfillment of the labors of state or from the completion of some mission abroad, what an occasion of rejoicing it would be, for he was a man whom it was a delight to honor. But we have come with sadness and tears to take leave of him, and to perform for him the last rites of earth.

"It is an occasion of sorrow. Bloomington mourns, the state and the nation mourn, friends are bereft and loved ones are bowed in grief. His life among us gave happiness and conferred distinction, his presence brought cheer, his words mingled wisdom and kindness, his genial humor beguiled us in the social hour. We are all poorer because of his decease.

This is also an occasion of peace and comforting memories. He sleeps in our presence in the quiet majesty of death, his spirit having returned to God. We recall with pride and greatest satisfaction that after a long life and a distinguished public career his name is handed down to his family and to his country untarnished by a single discreditable or dishonorable act. Upon the record of his private and public life his name shall remain a synonym for honor, justice and integrity.

We recall, too, that he walked in the light that does not fail. Early Christian teachings did not depart from him. He paid sincere reverence to the things of God and ever listened to the voice of an enlightened and sensitive conscience. For him, life was more than fame; the soul than the things that a man possesses. Every pastor of this church had in him a loyal parishioner, a kind and helpful friend, and he was ever ready to give a hearty word of encouragement. He was charitable toward the failings of others. In the unflinching light of revelation he lived, and in its serene peace he passed into its clearer shining and fuller disclosure.

In the letter presented to Mr. Stevenson by the senate of the United States when retiring from the presidency of that distinguished body, there in a sentence which seems to me to most aptly describe him. I quote in part: "We have observed the signal ability, fidelity and impartiality, as well as the uniform courtesy and kindness toward every member of this body, which have characterized your official action." This truly describes him to us all—signal ability, fidelity and impartiality, uniform courtesy and kindness.

Nearly six months ago a similar scene of sorrow was witnessed here. His beloved wife, the revered Mrs. Stevenson of every blessed memory, was borne hence whither we bear him today. That sad event fell heavily upon him, and we have thought he has been lonely ever since her going. But he was brave and hopeful. Then his own strength failed; and they who were united in life were not long separated in death. Side by side they shall sleep, their work ended, their day of life here done, the glory and the happiness of the future theirs to share together forever.

Rev. Mr. Elliott closed with words of comfort for the family.

## BY REV. MARTIN D. HARDIN

It will fall to the lot of few of us ever to pay deep and loving personal tribute to a fuller or nobler life than that of Mr. Stevenson. In every relationship where men owe moral obligation to their God and fellows, he did his part nobly. It can be truthfully said of him that no one ever knew him well without being made not only better but happier for that knowledge. His pathway through nearly four score years was one of light.

It is, therefore, eminently fitting that this hour should be spent in thinking over those characteristics and qualities of mind and heart which made his life rich in service to his family, his friends, his city, his state and nation.

Born in Kentucky nearly 79 years ago, from Scotch-Irish parentage, he had his early childhood in an old-fashioned Presbyterian home of simplicity and unaffected piety. In later life many honors came to him; but among all his mementoes, he cherished nothing more highly than the little Bible which was given to him when he was ten years of age, for a perfect recitation from memory of the Shorter Catechism. His boyhood was spent in a home where the family altar was as faithfully sought to give spiritual nourishment, as the breakfast table to give food to the body. From the deeper influences of that old-fashioned, God-fearing home, his life never departed. The lessons learned there entered into the very fibre of his soul; and to glorify God and keep His commandments, was the deep, underlying purpose that gave strength and dignity, purity and honor to his whole career. Life to him was the gift of God. Duty to him was to do the Will of God, and he never consciously set himself against the eternal moral order.

Sixty-one years ago as a lad he came with his parents to the then little village of Bloomington. From his early boyhood he had an eager, passionate love of books, and here he fitted himself for college. He entered Center College at Danville, Kentucky, and remained until his junior year, when on account of the death of his father, he was called home, as the eldest son, to assume the care of his widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters. At his father's bedside he promised to look after and care for those who looked to him for protection, and no promise ever made was more faithfully kept.

With his alert and eager mind and wonderfully retentive memory, he soon had fitted himself for entrance into the practice of law. Once in his life's profession, his advance was rapid, and he early attained the reputation of being one of the strong men at the bar which had been familiar with the pleadings of Lincoln and Douglas and many other men of scarcely inferior talent.

"With a genius for making close personal friends, in a district which was overwhelmingly of the opposite party, he was elected state's attorney. In this position he began the formation of that wide acquaintanceship with men and measures which made him one of the recognized leaders of his party in the state, and a little later sent him as a representative to congress. His standing in the state, his wide personal popularity, and his sterling worth as a man led Mr. Cleveland, during his first administration, to appoint him first assistant postmaster general. Here, with that growing capacity for grappling men to him with hooks stronger than those of steel, he won a popularity with the men of his party which made him the natural candidate for vice-president with Mr. Cleveland in the campaign of 1892. It was in no small degree due to his name on the ticket that that year, for the first time since the war, Illinois cast her electoral vote for the Democratic party.

"As vice-president of the United States he filled this high office with honor, efficiency and dignity, retiring from his seat as presiding officer of the senate not only with respect, but with the affection of all the senators, regardless of party affiliation.

"While Mr. Stevenson was a man of deep convictions and fought hard for those political principles which he believed best, there was ever in his soul such a sense of justice, such a natural tendency not to overstep the bounds of reason, such a clear consciousness of the difference between principles and personalities, such freedom from mere ranting partisanship, that he never made a personal enemy out of any political opponent. It can be said of him that in all his political career; through all his political battles—sometimes winning, sometimes losing—he never came out of a conflict without the personal esteem of his opponent. Some of his warmest personal friends, the men whom he loved best and who loved him best, were among those who had been opposing nominees for office. Such a fact, rare in the annals of American politics, is a tribute unspeakably beautiful to the purity and rectitude of a big soul and a truly magnanimous nature.

Those of us who knew Mr. Stevenson well know that he had a remarkable memory. But deep in oblivion, from which even no faintest echo ever resounded, he buried forever out of consciousness every reminder of unfairness or unkindness from his fellowmen. Where he could not speak well of men his lips were silent.

Mr. Stevenson's public career was one of fidelity and honor, wide service and more than ordinary success. Beginning as a poor boy—with no help further than of his own native ability—he climbed, step by step, until he had reached to within one of the highest office in the gift of the American people. In every position he measured fully up to the responsibilities of

his office, and in an age which has seen many a business and political reputation tarnished, no breath of suspicion was ever breathed against any of his private or public acts. During his more than fifty years of public service his name has remained a synonym for stainless honor—a great heritage this to his family and friends and fellow citizens.

But it is not of Mr. Stevenson as a public character that we today think most. High as were his honors, and wide as was his knowledge of public men and public measures, and substantial as were his contributions to the political history of his time, to those of us who knew him best the man himself was greater than any or all of his achievements. His was an outstanding personality which gave grace to his position, rather than a life which borrowed its interest from place.

“The charm of Mr. Stevenson was not in the fact that he had attained conspicuous honors, but rather in his breadth of knowledge, in his remarkable familiarity with all the minutest details of American history, in his wide and sympathetic understanding of men, and in his ability ever to forget himself and give himself unreservedly to the pleasure of those who were in his company. As a conversationalist he was without a rival, and when the day’s work was over, to spend an evening with him was an education, inspiration and delight which no man of refinement could ever forget.

In his autobiography, Ambassador Andrew D. White made the statement that of all the public or literary men he had ever known, Mr. Stevenson was the most delightful raconteur. With a memory which was ever the wonder of his friends, and a grace and accuracy of expression quite full of charm, and a quiet, bubbling, incessant humor that can never be forgotten, he would talk of men and times gone by with a fascination that sped the hours as on magic wings. Under his touch the incident which would have been lost to a less sympathetic nature took on some bright glow of life and color, and proved as fascinating as a romance. He looked at life with eyes full of charity, and when the years had ripened, his mind was stored with a vast wealth of memories, quaint, grave and serious, interesting, instructive and charming, luminous, humorous and kindly.

“He ever gave one the impression of a heart from self set free; of a soul at peace with God and man; of a mind in the serene liberty of a large knowledge of the world. He was at home in many of the broad ranges of human thought and endeavor. It is only such a life from self set free which can readily and naturally have room in it for all those kindly courtesies which were characteristic of Mr. Stevenson. His sympathies were broad and generous. He found a real joy in doing kindly things, and no human being ever appealed to him for help in



vain where it was within his power to meet the request and so rare and gracious was his tact and so genuine his love, that he always left the recipient with a feeling that it had been he who had granted the favor. For his friends he was ever ready for any sacrifice. He loved young men, and many are the men to-day who owe not a little of what they are to the start which he helped to give them.

Mr. Stevenson's nature was one of supreme good will and graciousness. One of the marked evidences of that kindness was to be found in his rare and winsome humor. His like in this sphere many of us will never see again. With men of dominating selfishness, humor becomes a thing of satire—words barbed, or with a sting in them. They fly forth to maim and to wound, and leave some heart bleeding. But when humor is the gift of such a temperament as that of Mr. Stevenson's—a tender, pure and gracious soul—it is made to play about life with the light and winsome joy of a magician's wand. And there is not one of us here today who knew Mr. Stevenson well, who cannot recall the times when with rare power he drove away from leaden hearts dull care, lifted heaviness of spirit, and made us feel anew that, after all, it's a kindly, good world in which we dwell. A man with such a power goes through life radiating sunshine. He held the wine of gladness to our lips and bade us drink to the health of all happiness and good will.

"But with all his bubbling humor, how completely he escaped the dangers which go with such a gift, of vulgarity on the one hand and mere frivolity on the other. Such a wealth of apt and telling stories, and among them all not one that could not have been told unblushingly in the presence of his mother! Such a continual play of witticisms, and not one which did not have in it wholesomeness and pure joy.

Yes, we cannot measure the good, the health of spirit, the restorations to wholesome hopefulness coming from such a man and glorifying what otherwise would be "the dreary inter-course of daily life." He made his cheer a real ministry to the hearts of men. Where he was yokes grew magically easy and burdens light.

"Another manifestation of his spirit of good will was to be found in his courtliness. He was ever the perfect gentleman of the old school. His bearing in the presence of women was that of one who felt, not merely assumed, the rightfulness of those gentle amenities which go so far toward keeping life upon the high plane of beauty and honor. The very wave of his hand was incarnate courtesy. Truly a gentle man.

"It would not be becoming in me here today to lift far the veil of privacy in Mr. Stevenson's home life. But I trust I am not transgressing when I say that, if those of you who knew him

as friend and neighbor and fellow citizen have many reasons for honoring and deeply admiring his character, those of us who knew him in the circle of his own family can but hold his memory in sacred devotion. He was not one man in public and another at home. If there was a difference at all, it was that here his kindliness was incessant; here his courtesy was at its finest; here his humor played constantly, like the dancing shafts of summer sunlight through the leaves of the trees; ere his mind and heart overflowed in a thousand genial forms of grace that will make his children, while life lasts, rise up and call his name blessed. His morning greetings were like the coming of summer's day; his goodnights were benedictions rich in heaven's peace and love. He made the word 'Father' as broad and sheltering, secure and serene to our minds as the all-embracing sky.

"But when I say these things concerning Mr. Stevenson in the home, our minds are led to that other solemn hour, when we were gathered here, little more than five months ago, to pay tribute to his dear life's partner. His full and strong life could not have been without hers. Her radiant personality would have been incomplete without him. Together they made a Christian home which will long be remembered by those who knew its inner life, as one of those ideal social forces, the beauty and good of which God alone can measure.

When we stop to think of the far-reaching effect, in example and direct moulding power, of the home, what it means to posterity and to civilization, and the upholding of all high idealism—I think we can count among Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson's greatest achievements the fact that, together, they lived a life of such singular beauty and devotion, that by their united love and service, they have helped us all to hold deeper reverence for two of God's holiest institutions, marriage and home. So completely one were they that when Mrs. Stevenson passed on he was never afterward himself. His body was here, but 'where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' And whatever sorrow there may be here today, I cannot but feel that it is vastly overbalanced by the joy over there, where life's majority ever will be.

"This, in briefest outline, was the temper of the brave, good spirit which has gone home to God. His race on earth is run. His sun has set. But in the hush of this hour, with its mellow afterglow, we feel the sacred peace and presence of God.

"This is the life we honor, that of a man whose personality was rich in those spiritual qualities that unite our humanity in indissoluble bonds of affection; those qualities of soul which give life a meaning and a hope too vast for even four score years. We see him as a youth, eager for knowledge, with frank, open heart, ready to welcome life; as a young man, industrious, energetic, and forging ahead into an ever larger share of the common re-

sponsibilities of community and state; as a man of maturity, coming into the rich rewards of friendship, honor and power; as a man of old age, ripe in tenderness, sympathy and wisdom. His was a singularly happy life; happy in the conscious love of his fellowmen. He was singularly well poised. He had ambition without selfishness or sordidness; fidelity to principles without bitterness, or partisanship; great cordiality without wearing his heart on his sleeve; an irrepressible and irresistible humor without frivolity; a profound sense of life's seriousness without heaviness; dignity without dullness or distance; honor without haughtiness or condescension; broad culture without pedantry, and a nature profoundly religious, without cant or bigotry.

"In the highest sense he was what I should call a child-hearted—Christ-hearted man, whose life adds dignity and breadth to our common humanity, whose stay on earth was an unbroken benefaction, and whose going for many of us has made heaven nearer and dearer. If he could speak to us now I believe his word would be, 'Say not good night, but in some brighter clime, bid me good morning.' "

**THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD OF MONDAY, JUNE 22, HAS THE FOLLOWING REGARDING MR. STEVENSON**

Mr. Rainey—Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent to address the House for five minutes on the subject of the late Adlai E. Stevenson.

The Speaker—The gentleman from Illinois asks unanimous consent to address the House for five minutes on the life and character of the late vice president, Adlai E. Stevenson. Is there objection?

There was no objection.

Mr. Rainey—Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the House, seventy-nine years ago Adlai E. Stevenson was born in the State of Kentucky. At an early age he came with his parents to Illinois, but returned soon after to Kentucky, and in 1856 he graduated at Centre College, in Danville, Ky. During his college career there developed the romance which lasted through his long life and just after his graduation he married Miss Letitia Green, the daughter of the president of the college which conferred his degree upon him. She remained his faithful companion in all the vicissitudes of his long life until a few months ago, when she preceded him to the tomb.

In the early part of his career Adlai E. Stevenson was contemporaneous with Lincoln, Douglas, Logan, McClelland, Oglesby, and those other great sons of Illinois who long ago preceded him to the silent tomb. His active career in national politics commenced before most of the Members of the House were

born. In 1864 he was a presidential elector on the Democratic ticket. In 1874 he was elected from the Bloomington (Ill.) district to the office of Representative in Congress. Two years later, in 1876, he was re-elected. In 1884 he led the Illinois delegation to the Democratic national convention, the convention which named Grover Cleveland. From 1885 until 1889 he was first assistant postmaster general. From 1893 until 1897 he was vice president of the United States. His active career continued almost until the day of his death. Five years ago he was the Democratic candidate in Illinois for governor of Illinois when long past the allotted age of three score and ten. He commenced to practice law in the late fifties in Metamora, Ill., and after that he practiced law in Bloomington, Ill., and his firm, the firm of Stevenson & Ewing, was for a long period of years one of the best-known law firms in the state of Illinois. He was successful in his business career, and long ago, years ago, when labor first commenced to organize and was demanding recognition, he recognized the right of laboring men to organize in the great coal industries, in which he was an important factor in that section of Illinois.

While he was active in political life, ready always to give his services to his country, when his country demanded his services, he was a successful business man, honest and fair in all his relations with his fellow men. While he was a contemporary with those great Illinoisans I have mentioned, who long ago preceded him to the tomb, he was always young. Those of us who knew him best never thought of him as growing old. As his old friends died he renewed his activities and acquaintances among the young, and he retained his full physical and mental vigor up until the very last. Last Saturday the Illinois delegation—all of them signed the telegram—sent a telegram to him at the hospital in Chicago where for some months he had been ill, expressing our hope for his speedy recovery and expressing our sympathy for him on account of his serious illness. His son wired back that the message had been read to him and that he appreciated the fact that he was remembered here in the National House of Representatives, where he had served for four years; here in the capitol, where he served for eight years as assistant postmaster general and as vice president of the United States. A few hours later his great heart ceased to beat. He died yesterday morning, Sunday, June 14, 1914.

Throughout his long and useful career no suspicion of dishonor or dishonesty ever attached to his name. On behalf of the Illinois delegation in congress I desire to pay this last tribute of respect to his memory. His life work is over; full of years and of honor, with unfaltering step he approached the end. In the state which produced a Lincoln, a Douglas, a Logan, and an Alt-

geld, we consider him one of our greatest citizens. His soul has gone back beyond the stars to God, who gave it. Tomorrow his body will be buried by the friends of his long career. Great mind, generous soul, kind friend, adieu. May the earth press lightly upon the heart of Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois.

#### DEATH OF FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT

Resolution of the U. S. Senate.

Immediately after the death of Mr. Stevenson was announced in the Senate, Senator James Hamilton Lewis submitted the following resolution, which is copied from the Journal of the Senate:

*“Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound regret of the death of Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former Vice President of the United States and former Presiding Officer of the United States Senate.*

*Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the distinguished official, whose life has been filled with honorable and distinguished service to his Nation, the Senate do now adjourn.*

The Senate proceeded, by unanimous consent, to consider the resolutions; and

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to;

Whereupon,

The Senate adjourned.”

**REV. DR. J. W. DINSMORE OF SAN JOSE, CALIF., FOR MANY YEARS PASTOR OF THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF BLOOMINGTON, OF WHICH FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT STEVENSON WAS A MEMBER, IS QUOTED AS FOLLOWS IN THE SAN JOSE MERCURY:**

The death in the Presbyterian hospital, Chicago, on Sunday last of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, marks the close of the earthly life of a man who will be sincerely mourned by great numbers of people all over the land. Many of your readers have known him as a public official, and a considerable number have known him as an acquaintance and friend. Many will recall his visit to San Jose while he was vice-president of the United States. This little tribute to his memory, therefore, may not be out of place in your columns. It is written by one who knew him long and well. For more than twenty years he was my parishioner, and for more than forty years he was my close and cherished friend. I had many reasons for being strongly attached to him and his family, and this attachment was not in the least diminished by the wide separation of our homes during these recent years. Our frequent meetings and our steady correspondence kept our friendship alive and warm.

Mr. Stevenson was by descent a North Carolinian, by birth a Kentuckian, and of that sturdy Scotch-Irish race which has cut so deep into our history. When a youth he removed with his father's family to Bloomington, Ill., and there lived the rest of his days. He was a man of high character, of strict morals and of unquestioned repute as a gentleman and a Christian. He bore through life and carried to his grave an unsullied name. He was much in public life, always an active and strenuous politician in the good sense of that term, and consequently often engaged in fierce political contests, and yet his bitterest adversaries never had the effrontery to accuse him of meanness, crookedness or perfidy. In his early manhood he was happily wedded to a scion of one of the most noted families of Kentucky, with large and influential connections, and herself a woman of high spirit not only, but of singular charm and loveliness. She was a great inspiration and help to him until her death a few months ago. As he was himself in broken health, he never rallied from the shock and sorrow of that separation. During recent months he has been a great sufferer and I am assured that he bore his sufferings with great fortitude and patience.

Mr. Stevenson was what is called an uncommonly popular man, personally and socially. He had many political adversaries, but probably very few personal enemies. He was an out-and-out democrat, and lived in a congressional district which was overwhelmingly republican, and yet twice at least he was elected to congress by stiff majorities. Thousands of republicans voted for him on personal grounds. When he was candidate for vice-president on the ticket with Cleveland in 1892, Illinois for the only time in forty-eight years, went democratic, and it was attributed chiefly to the popularity of Stevenson.

His courtesy and suavity were such that, in denying an applicant, while he disappointed him, he seldom offended him. I recall sitting one day for several hours in his private office in Washington and being greatly interested and amused by the singular tact he showed in dealing with heated contestants for postoffices. He could give the place to but one, and yet he managed it so deftly that those whom he turned down seemed to leave in comparative good humor, feeling sorry that he felt so sorry in being obliged to disappoint them.

He was a remarkably genial, companionable, obliging and affectionate man, devoted to his family and never going back on his friends. In the retirement and sorrows of the last few years he has been the center of deep and warm sympathy and affection on the part of many thousands, not merely of his own community, but all over this broad land. For myself I feel painfully bereft by his going away, and shall remember him while I live with strong affection as a true, high-minded and honorable man, and as a devoted and steadfast friend.

**A MEMORIAL FOR HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON WAS HELD BY MEMBERS OF THE McLEAN COUNTY BAR ASSOCIATION ON THE MORNING OF JUNE 28 IN THE COURT HOUSE AT BLOOMINGTON**

There was a fine representation of the organization present, besides many other friends and admirers of the departed illustrious statesman and fellow townsman.

Hon. C. D. Myers, judge of the circuit court, presided at the meeting and in the outset a report was read from the committee on resolutions by Governor Joseph W. Fifer, which was followed by very touching tributes from John T. Lillard, Charles L. Capen, John A. Sterling, A. E. DeMange, Thomas Kerriek, Hal M. Stone, Judge R. M. Benjamin, Frank Gillespie, and Judge C. D. Myers.

The following was the report of the committee on testimonial and resolutions as presented by Gov. Fifer:

**THE RESOLUTION**

Adlai Ewing Stevenson was born in Christian county, Kentucky, October 23rd, 1835, and died at the Presbyterian Hospital in Chicago, June 14th, 1914. Of revolutionary stock, his ancestors were prominent in the war for American independence. He was of Scotch-Irish descent, and belonged to a race distinguished for learning, patriotism and high courage.

When a mere lad he moved with his father's family to Bloomington, Illinois, which city down to the day of his death, he was always proud to call his home, with the exception of ten years, when he resided at Metamora, Illinois. He was educated in the public schools, at the Illinois Wesleyan University, and finally at Center College, at Danville, in his native state. While attending the latter institution he was unexpectedly called home by the sudden illness of his honored father, who died soon thereafter and much to his regret, he never found it possible to complete the college course he had set for himself. By the parting injunction of a dying father he was left the care of a widowed mother and six children. How well he discharged his duty in this behalf it is not necessary for us to speak, for it is known and appreciated by this entire community.

He studied law and was admitted to the McLean county bar in 1858, and soon thereafter entered upon the practice of his profession at Metamora, then the seat of government of Woodford county.

He was not long in winning a place in the front ranks of a bar distinguished for the number of its able men. It was here that he met Judge Richmond, Judge Barns, Judge Read and

many others of equal ability. It was here too, that he met Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, the greatest wit and orator of his time, and a friendship was formed between them which ended only in the latter's death.

Mr. Stevenson's scholarly attainments, his thorough knowledge of the law and above all his kindness of heart and genial social disposition, brought him both business and friends. He was soon recognized as the most popular young man in that section of the state and public office came to him apparently without effort. He was appointed Master in Chancery and later was elected State's Attorney of his Judicial District and the able and faithful manner in which he discharged the duties of these important positions was the subject of private and public comment long after he left the county.

His increasing knowledge of the law, his growing business, and above all his expanding intellect caused him to seek a wider field for the exercise of his genius and in 1868 he returned to Bloomington and formed a law partnership with the Hon. James S. Ewing, his cousin. He then began a legal and political career unequalled by that of any other citizen of our county.

Deeply versed in the best English literature, and a profound student of the law, he soon became recognized as one of the ablest lawyers of the state. As a lawyer he was profound rather than technical. He cared nothing for mere forms, but everything for substance. As an advocate he had but few equals and no superiors at the bar and there are adversaries now living who can remember the dread and anxiety experienced by them as he arose to deliver his closing address to the jury in some hotly contested case. The firm of Stevenson & Ewing practiced law assiduously for more than twenty years. The records of this court and the high courts of review are the silent but eloquent witnesses to the success of this firm.

Our friend was not only a successful lawyer, but he understood and appreciated the importance and dignity of the profession of which he was so great an ornament, and he looked to the law as the means by which our free institutions are to be perpetuated and the rights and liberties of the individual citizen protected.

In a public utterance he said: "It is all important, never more so than now, that the people should magnify the law. Outrages have been perpetrated in the name of justice appalling to all thoughtful men. It need hardly be said that all this is in total disregard of individual rights and utterly subversive of lawful authority. By the solemn adjudication of courts and under the safeguards of law, the fact of guilt is to be established and the guilty punished. The sure rock of defense in the outstretched years as in the long past will be the intelligence, the



patriotism, the virtue of a law-abiding, liberty-loving people. To a degree that cannot be measured by words, the temple of justice will prove a city of refuge. "The judiciary has no guards, no palaces, or treasuries, no arms but truth and wisdom and no splendor but justice."

This splendid sentiment expressed in the above quotation is worthy to be inscribed as an epitaph upon his monument and by its utterance he has made posterity his debtor.

Well as Mr. Stevenson's abilities and standing as a lawyer were recognized throughout our great state by the bench and bar, it was as a statesman that he rendered his greatest public service and as a statesman he was most widely known and will be most lovingly and gratefully remembered by millions of his fellow countrymen.

To one possessed of such rare gifts and in a country like ours, a political career was inevitable. Mr. Stevenson's first political success came in 1874, when he was triumphantly elected to the 44th Congress from a district wherein the opposing party had an overwhelming majority. He was in 1878 elected a member of the 46th Congress, overcoming as he did before, a very decided party majority against him.

When Mr. Cleveland came to the presidency in 1885, so prominent was Mr. Stevenson in the counsels of his party by reason of his able and efficient service in the congress of the United States and his commanding abilities as a statesman, that he was practically without opposition selected as assistant postmaster general, the duties of which position he discharged with fidelity and ability and to the satisfaction of his party and the country. His ever widening influence and increasing popularity made him in 1892 his party's candidate for vice president of the United States and the success of his party in that memorable campaign especially in his own state, is by competent judges largely ascribed to the fact that his name appeared upon the ticket.

He was easily one of the most popular as he was one of the ablest presiding officers the senate of the United States ever had, and his ability and his absolute fairness while exercising the powers of that great office are still the subject of comment by public men at the capitol of the nation.

A few months after Mr. Stevenson's retirement from the senate he was appointed by President McKinley a member of a commission to visit England, France, and Germany in the interest of bi-metalism.

So wide and varied is the public career of our friend that we find it impossible in this place to do justice to all his important public acts. One, however, we feel should not be passed over without emphasis as it marks him as a statesman and patriot of the first magnitude.

All will remember the dispute that arose over the result of the presidential election in 1876. Inflammatory speeches were made, much ill will arose and the clouds of civil war once more hung dark and heavy in our political horizon. The cooler heads of both parties in congress proposed the passage of a bill creating an electoral commission to decide by the peaceful means of arbitration the rights of the respective claimants for the high office of president. Mr. Stevenson, to this measure, gave his powerful and enthusiastic support. He not only advocated the passage of the measure in a powerful speech delivered in congress, but he also advocated the acceptance of the decision of the Commission after the result had been declared. On this latter phase of the question he said:

"Let this vote be now taken and the curtain fall upon these scenes forever. To those who believe as I do that a grievous wrong has been suffered, let me entreat that this arbitrament be abided in good faith, that no hindrance or delay be interposed to the execution of the law, but by faithful adherence to its mandates, by honest efforts to revive the prostrate industries of the country, by obedience to the constituted authorities, we will show ourselves patriots rather than partisans in this hour of our country's misfortune."

These are brave, patriotic words, spoken by one deeply in sympathy with the happiness and welfare of his country.

In 1866 Mr. Stevenson was married to Miss Letitia Green, a lady of culture and refinement, whose family was distinguished for high intellectual attainments and great moral worth. To this union four children were born, three of whom survive, and have become worthy members of the community in which they live.

Such in simple words and in brief outline is the life, the character and public services of our friend whose death comes to us all as a personal sorrow and for whom we profoundly grieve.

Mr. Stevenson lived in the most interesting and important epoch in our national history. No one enjoyed a wider acquaintance with public men. He knew Lincoln and Douglas, and in fact nearly all of those of our times whose names are associated with the history of our country. Possessing rare literary ability he has preserved in his unique and interesting book, entitled "Something of Men I Have Known," his recollection of those who were active in public affairs during the stormiest period of our country's history and as the men of whom he speaks pass from the stage of action his book will be read by the youth of the country with ever increasing interest and profit.

Were we to give a reason for Mr. Stevenson's phenomenal success we should do so in this single sentence: He was a man

of a kind heart. Armed to an unusual degree with the weapons of wit and sarcasm he seldom or never used them to the discomfiture of others.

He was never elected to a public office that he did not overcome by his popularity a majority party. He never defeated an adversary who was not afterwards his warm personal friend. He never held an office that he did not adorn and add dignity to the position by his ability and his courteous and obliging disposition and manners. His friends and neighbors, those who knew him intimately, can never forget his unfailing kindness and consideration for all who came within the sunshine of his presence and his interest in all that made for their welfare; nor can they ever forget his quick sympathy in times of trouble.

So closely was his life united with that of his beloved wife that when she passed to her eternal rest his brave spirit was not able to bear life's burdens alone. For nearly fifty years she had stood devotedly by his side. Together they created an ideal home from which radiated an influence for good that can never be measured. They had rejoiced together in times of victory and they had borne with fortitude the disappointments of life which sooner or later come to us all.

He died as he had lived, a Christian gentleman in the unshaken belief in a better life beyond the grave.

For a long half century Mr. Stevenson stood in the focus of public attention. The fierce light of public criticism beat against his armor and found no flaw. No stain ever touched his garments, and not even the breath of suspicion ever rested upon his good name. Full of years and full of honors, with friends and loved ones about him, he lay down weary and broken beneath a monument of public gratitude and affection greater and more enduring than any of masonry or bronze.

We know that monuments made by human hands must soon decay and fall. We know too that the friends who knew and loved him in life must soon pass away and that through the on stretching centuries of the great future the memory of his name must perish from the earth, but the influence of his useful, exalted and unselfish life can never die. His course shall be onward and upward forever and this, let us believe, is the immortality that awaits all who love and serve their fellow men.

JOSEPH W. FIFER,  
JAMES E. EWING,  
THOMAS C. KERRICK,  
JOHN T. LILLARD,  
CHARLES L. CAPEN,

*Committee of the McLean County Bar Association  
on Testimonial and Resolutions.*

**AFTER THE READING OF THE RESOLUTIONS THE HON. THOMAS C. KERRICK SPOKE AS FOLLOWS:**

The memorial prepared and presented by Governor Fifer and which will become an enduring record of this court, is in no respect or degree an exaggerated eulogy of its subject.

Those of us who knew Mr. Stevenson familiarly for more than the average length of human life willingly testify that the merits of the man are in no wise overstated in that truthful epitome of his life and character.

It is needless for me to enlarge upon what is embodied in the memorial and what has been said by other speakers regarding Mr. Stevenson's illustrious public career in its national aspects. The knowledge of that is more than nation wide and its honors are fadeless.

I choose rather to speak of him, briefly, in his nearer relations to us in a lesser and more localized sphere. Mr. Stevenson's pleasing and forceful personality was such that even in a period in which political party lines were commonly regarded as well nigh impassable walls he turned seemingly well-organized majorities in his Congressional district into disorganized and defeated minorities.

But brilliant and successful as he was his public life in that and in the larger national field I doubt not that next to his own kindred, those who admired and loved him most and most deeply mourn his loss are his neighbors, his townspeople, and the host of long-time intimate personal acquaintances and friends of his every-day life, conspicuous among whom are the surviving members of this bar who for many years met and associated with him while he was actively practicing law in this court.

Practicing law as did Mr. Stevenson and also many others of this bar during the years of Mr. Stevenson's greatest activities as a lawyer, is an exceedingly arduous and wearing and, at times, almost exasperating occupation.

Sometimes in the heat and excitement of forensic warfare the combatants become worked up to an almost dangerously high pitch of feeling.

Mr. Stevenson was not, nor is any high-class trial lawyer, always exempt from exhibiting considerable belligerency of manner and speech towards opposing counsel, or occasionally expressing a not very exalted opinion of their knowledge of the law and memory of the facts in the case on trial, but I never knew him to impugn the motives or question the honesty of an adversary or to say or do anything even under great provocation that would create in his opponent a lasting feeling of resentment or ill-will.

I recall a spontaneous gathering at Mr. Stevenson's home, twenty-nine years ago, on the eve of his departure for Washing-

ton to assume the duties of Assistant Post Master General under the first administration of President Cleveland, at which gathering practically all the members of the McLean County bar were present.

At that time nine-tenths or more of the members of this bar were ardent and militant republicans, yet notwithstanding the then recent national defeat of their party; notwithstanding the many political buffetings and bruises they had received at the hands of Mr. Stevenson in his triumphal campaigns for congressional honors, and the chastisements he had at times administered to many of them in the forum, every laudatory remark of the speaker who presented to Mr. Stevenson the gift of the bar in token of the high esteem in which he was held by its members, was cheered quite as lustily and heartily by every republican as by any democrat. And I well remember, too, that while responding Mr. Stevenson's eyes were overflowing with tears and that his emotion was such that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could control his voice sufficiently to express his heartfelt thanks and appreciation.

Between Mr. Stevenson and his brother-members of the McLean County bar the ties of friendship and high fraternal regard were never broken—nay, not even strained.

Distinguished and highly honored as he was in the years of his greatest activity I think that Mr. Stevenson was never more admirable, never more lovable, than in the evening of his life, in the years of his semi-retirement but not of suspended usefulness. Years, it is true, which brought to him the inevitable diminution of physical vigor and much, very much, of sad bereavement and most poignant grief, but years which, withal, seemed to bring out in even bolder relief his greatness of soul, his illimitable kindness of heart and the undimmed luster of his splendid intellect.

Often, no doubt, the obsequies of the distinguished dead have been attended with pomp and circumstance that were absent from his, but few, indeed, have been so sincerely loved in life and mourned in death as was he, by the multitudes who passed in reverent silence beside his bier.

In his life his brethren of this bar one and all admired and loved him. In his death we shall not cease to honor and revere his memory.

**REMARKS OF JOHN T. LILLARD BEFORE THE McLEAN COUNTY  
CIRCUIT COURT, CONVENED IN MEMORY OF ADLAI E. STEV-  
ENSON**

I cannot permit this occasion to pass without making my contribution. Mr. Stevenson was for forty years my beloved friend.

In August, 1873, I was, as a youth, the favored bearer of a letter of introduction to Adlai E. Stevenson. The man I thus met was then thirty-eight years of age, blond, clear-eyed, tall, erect, well groomed. How vivid to me now is the picture.

Mrs. Stevenson, then in the very bloom of young womanhood, endowed with a wealth of physical, mental and heart charm, was a royal consort to her knightly husband.

These words of praise might seem superlative to strangers. To us they express the simple truth.

I never knew Mr. Stevenson's father. I knew his mother well. Her son was much like her. It is not surprising that such a mother might have such a son. We can in part conjecture the prayers for his future which this God-loving and son-loving mother mingled with her cradle songs and ministrations over her fair-haired boy. Her prayers were richly answered.

His success as a lawyer which was earnestly wished for as he entered upon that profession, came promptly and with unusual reward.

She must have asked for her son bodily and mental health. For nearly four score years the people of this community witnessed in this citizen the highest type of a sound mind in a sound body.

If his mother yearned for her son to hold as she believed in the tenets of her religion, in this again her hopes were fulfilled. Layman, as he was, without preachment or display, he was always the defender of the Faith.

If she prayed for him to be honored, loved and trusted by his home people and community, these hopes were modest, even as she was modest, for he became trusted, honored and loved, by his State and by the nation, as he was at his home town.

If she cherished ambition for him to acquire position, political honors, leadership of men, the realization was far beyond reasonable anticipation. He, in addition to many other public offices, occupied with dignity and honor to himself and his country, the high executive office held by Jefferson, John Adams, John C. Calhoun, John C. Breckenridge—the highest office but one ever held in a republic.

The Bar of McLean County is deeply gratified that such a man was for more than half a century one of us, and at all times, even in the moments of his highest exaltation, he was as unobtrusive as the youngest and humblest member of this bar. From the time he enrolled Mr. Stevenson was always a member of this bar. We, as a body and as individual lawyers, are all and each sharers in his varied achievements, and they were many—for his professional, forensic and social honors fully equalled his brilliant political successes.

If kindness of heart and love of fellow man was invoked

upon the head of this man when his young life began, we all know how abundantly that invocation was answered. It was not in him to merely stop, listen and answer appeals. His walk was not confined to the highways of life. In by-ways and unfrequented paths he made frequent excursions and there ministered to hungry mouths and hungry hearts. He was, instinctively, no respecter of persons, clan or station. His big heart reached out to his fellows everywhere. The Good Samaritan was his unconscious prototype. He contributed to the binding up of wounds, whether of friend or foe or stranger.

Kindliness was the musical key note to Mr. Stevenson's entire life and accomplishments. Of the political rewards, high official positions, public and private honors which he received we are justly proud. Gentleness of character and delicacy of kindliness in private life and everywhere the lavish gift of nature was the quality which adorned and distinguished Mr. Stevenson throughout his life, even more than his high honors and official positions could possibly distinguish him. Many have shared with him in political honors. Few indeed are those enriched by nature with the personal magnetism, loveliness of character, social charm and helpfulness to fellow men, as was Adlai E. Stevenson. It seems to me as if the divine modeler of human clay, when he fashioned this friend of ours and selected his quality and attributes, was minded to give to the world a rare man, stamped by the Master Artist with distinctive marks.

He sleeps secure to fame. The annals of his times record his life in the nation's history. He is enshrined in affectionate memory so long as memory shall last.

#### **SPEECH OF CHARLES L. CAPEN AT BAR MEETING**

When I was a boy and in my early manhood, the McLean County Bar consisted of old-time country lawyers, one of the younger being Mr. Stevenson. These lawyers regarded their profession as a sacred trust, and valued it chiefly for the opportunities it gave for greater service to the community, and for the honors thereby obtained. They were active leaders in whatever tended to better things. The public welfare and prosperity were their chief concern. They recognized their license to practice imposed added duties and believed that a lawyer, however eminent and successful, if only a lawyer, was but one-ninth of a man.

Their books were few, but these were fundamental, read and re-read until they became part of their intellectual being. They applied their mental powers in applying these principles

to the cases in hand, and thus constantly grew in scholarly strength to a degree we of later days can hardly appreciate.

They lived up to high ethical ideals; they recognized and obeyed the duty of fairness and courtesy towards all; they appreciated that justice is "the chief concern of man," and that they were her ministers.

One result was many of them were sought as leaders in politics and as office-holders. The people trusted and relied upon them. We do not read of corruption in campaigns or in office in those days. Upon the rostrum great questions were discussed by candidates and others, and the appeal was to reason and conscience. Politics then was regarded "the grandest word in the language," and "the politician the most useful of mankind."

To these old-time country lawyers we owe a debt we should always remember with gratitude. They held the foundations of our jurisprudence, and were a large factor in bringing about our heritage. It is eminently true of them that "the comparative civilization of a country can be measured by the relative power and influence of its bar."

Another characteristic of the old-time country lawyer was, he was a student in solid literature; in history, particularly of his own country and state, in what had been achieved in the past, the works of the earlier masters, ancient and modern; in the science of government, the biographies of great men. They knew these pursuits were necessary for the adequate study and solution of present problems. In all this, Mr. Stevenson was diligent and thoro. Especially in his later years, there was not any one in the United States who had a profounder or wider knowledge of men and measures, of the philosophy of public affairs and acquaintance, largely personal, of the publicists, than had he. This not only gave him great help in official life, but developed him as a lawyer.

We, the later generation of lawyers, have different ideals, with the consequence that the community does not have the same confidence or respect for us our predecessors enjoyed. And so we shall not do Mr. Stevenson full justice when memory recalls the high rank of Mr. Stevenson as a lawyer, unless we bear in mind he was one of the truest examples of the old-time country lawyer; or when we think of his labors and achievements in public life, unless we recognize he was a politician of the old school, with its lofty and ennobling standards.



**RESOLUTIONS**

**IN THE JOURNAL OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY COUNCIL OF CHICAGO FOR THE REGULAR MEETING HELD JUNE 15, IS A COMMUNICATION FROM MAYOR HARRISON, ADVISING THE DEATH OF THE HON. ADLAI E. STEVENSON, AND RECOMMENDING THE ADOPTION OF A RESOLUTION OF APPRECIATION OF HIS WORTH, CHARACTER AND PUBLIC SERVICES. UNANIMOUS CONSENT WAS GIVEN FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE RESOLUTION AND ALDERMAN HEALY MOVED THAT IT BE ADOPTED. THE MOTION WAS CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY BY A RISING VOTE. THE TEXT OF THE RESOLUTION WAS AS FOLLOWS:**

“Whereas, The Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, former vice-president of the United States, departed this life in this city on the 14th day of June, 1914, after having been a citizen of the state of Illinois for almost half a century; and,

“Whereas, Gen. Stevenson’s high character and ability and the attractiveness of his personality were recognized thruout the entire nation and his long continued, distinguished and honorable public services culminating in the vice-presidency of the United States have reflected great credit upon the state of Illinois; and,

“Whereas, In the death of Gen. Stevenson the state of Illinois has lost one of her most honored and distinguished citizens; now, therefore, be it

“Resolved, That the city of Chicago, by its council, hereby expresses its high appreciation of the character, worth and public services of the late Gen. Stevenson and its sense of loss and sorrow at his death, and its sincere sympathy for his family in their bereavement; and be it further

“Resolved, That this resolution be spread upon the records of the city council and that a copy thereof suitably engrossed be forwarded to Gen. Stevenson’s family.”

**RESOLUTIONS OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF McLEAN COUNTY:**

“Whereas, during the last month, the final summons has called from earth our illustrious townsman, Adlai E. Stevenson, who closed a matchless career full of honor and rich in all of the attributes of exalted manhood—a career notable alike for its purity, energy and statesmanlike ability; and

“Whereas, he occupied many posts within the gift of his country, from prosecuting attorney, back in his young manhood at Metamora, to the office of vice-president of our great nation,

and discharged the duties of all these offices with that fidelity to the public welfare that is an essential to the perpetuation of the republic, and tho many differed with him politically, yet as a man in the best and widest sense he had the highest respect of all, and measured up to that high standard which we point to as an ideal; and,

“Whereas, in his death our city, county, state and nation has sustained the loss of one of its most loved and honored sons, and we, in McLean county, feel his departure in a closer and deeper sense—for he was one of us in spirit and in truth; therefore, be it

“Resolved, that as a mark of the esteem in which Adlai E. Stevenson was held by this honorable body, and the people of the community, that we spread upon the records of this body this brief appreciation of his great worth, his upright life and his masterful attainments, and, be it further

“Resolved, that we extend our condolences to his family, and that copies of these resolutions be furnished to them.”

Dated at Bloomington, Ill., this 25th day of June, 1914.

JACOB MARTENS,  
DWIGHT E. FRINK.

#### TELEGRAM FROM PRESIDENT WILSON

Washington, D. C.—Mrs. Wilson joins me in offering to you and the members of your family our deepest sympathy in your hour of sorrow. May the memory of your father's distinguished service to the state and nation go far to mitigate the loss you have sustained.—Woodrow Wilson.

#### AN APPRECIATION BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE BRYAN

The death of ex-Vice-president Stevenson removes from the political life of the nation one of the great democrats of this generation, a man of high character and of the broadest sympathies. He used his rare ability and rich experience on the side of the people. To the sturdy qualities of an enlightened statesman he added the charms of a fascinating personality. His multitude of friends share the sorrow that overwhelms his family. We shall not see his like again.

1892—1896

After an absence of four years from Washington, Mr. Stevenson returned to the capital as presiding officer of the senate on March 4, 1893. He recalled with pleasure the fact that during the entire time of his service as vice-president, no decision of his as presiding officer was ever reversed by the senate.

Twice only was there an appeal from his decisions and in both cases the decision of the chair was sustained by the three-fourths vote.

Upon the wall of Mr. Stevenson's library hangs the farewell letter addressed to him on his retiring as presiding officer of the senate. This letter bears the signature of every senator then in that body. The body of the letter was written by Senator George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, one of the ablest and most winning men that he had ever known, said Mr. Stevenson. He was the worthy successor to Daniel Webster as senator.

#### U. S. SENATE'S LETTER TO MR. STEVENSON

##### UNITED STATES SENATE

Washington, D. C., Feb. 27, 1897.

Hon. Adlai Stevenson.

Sir: The discharge of the important duties incident to your great office as President of the United States Senate has, for the last four years, brought us into an association with you very close and constant.

During this long period we have observed the signal ability, fidelity and impartiality, as well as the uniform courtesy and kindness toward every member of this body, which have characterized your official action.

Your prompt decision, dignified bearing, just interpretation and enforcement of the Rules of this Chamber have very much aided us in our deliberations, and have won from us an acknowledgment of that high respect and warm personal esteem always due to the conscientious performance of public duty.

Desiring to give you some expression of these sentiments, and to testify our appreciation of your valuable services to the Senate and the country, we take pleasure in tendering you the accompanying set of silver as a memento of our continued friendship and regard.

**MR. STEVENSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS BEFORE THE SENATE. ON THE OCCASION OF THE HON. A. E. STEVENSON'S RETIREMENT FROM THE VICE PRESIDENCY, MARCH 4, 1897, HE DELIVERED THE FOLLOWING FAREWELL ADDRESS BEFORE THE SENATE, GIVING HIS VIEWS REGARDING THE VICE PRESIDENCY. HE SAID IN PART:**

"Chief among the favors political fortune has bestowed upon me, I count that of having been the associate—and known something of the friendship—of the men with whom I had so long held official relation in this chamber. To have been the presiding officer of this august body is an honor of which even

the most illustrious citizen might be proud. I am persuaded that no occupant of this chair, during the one hundred and eight years of our constitutional history, ever entered on the discharge of the duties pertaining to this office more deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibilities imposed, or with a higher appreciation of the character and dignity of the great legislative assembly.

"During the term just closing questions of deep import to political parties and to the country have here found earnest and at times passionate discussion. The chamber has indeed been the arena of great debate. The record of four years of parliamentary struggles, of masterful debates, of important legislation, is closed and passes now to the domain of history.

"I think I can truly say, in the words of a distinguished predecessor, 'In the discharge of my official duties I have known no cause, no party, no friend.' It has been my endeavor justly to interpret and faithfully to execute the rules of the senate. At times the temptation may be strong to compass partisan ends by a disregard or a perversion of the rules. Yet I think it safe to say the result, however salutary, will be dearly purchased by a departure from the method prescribed by the senate for its own guidance. A single instance as indicated might prove the forerunner of untold evils.

"It must not be forgotten that the rules governing this body are founded deep in human experience; that they are the result of centuries of tireless effort in legislative hall, to conserve, to render stable and secure the rights and liberties which have been achieved by conflict. By its rules the senate wisely fixes the limits to its own power. Of those who clamor against the senate and its mode of procedure it may be truly said, 'They know not what they do.' In this chamber alone are preserved, without restraint, two essentials of wise legislation and of good government—the right of amendment and of debate. Great evils often result from hasty legislation, rarely from the delay which follows full discussion and deliberation. In my humble judgment the historic senate, preserving the unrestricted right of amendment and debate, maintaining intact the time-honored parliamentary methods and the amenities which unfailingly secure action after deliberation, possesses in our scheme of government a value which cannot be measured by words. The senate is a perpetual body. In the terse words of an eminent senator now present, 'the men who framed the constitution had studied thoroly all former attempts at Republican government.' History was strewn with the wrecks of unsuccessful democracies. Some time usurpation of the executive power had brought popular governments to destruction. To guard against these dangers, they placed their chief hope in the

senate. The senate which was organized in 1789, at the inauguration of the government, abides and will continue to abide, one and the same body, until the republic itself shall be overthrown or time shall be no more.

"Twenty-four senators who have occupied seats in this chamber during my term of office are no longer members of this body. Five of that number—Stanford, Colquit, Vance, Stockbridge and Wilson—'shattered with the contentions of the great hall,' full of years and of honors, have passed from earthly scenes. The fall of the gavel will conclude the long and honorable terms of service of other senators, who will be borne in kind remembrance by their associates who remain.

"I would do violence to my feelings if I failed to express my thanks to the officers of this body for the fidelity with which they have discharged their important duties and for the kindly assistance and for the unfailing courtesy of which I have been the recipient."

**MR. STEVENSON'S PORTRAIT UNVEILED BLOOMINGTON,  
NOVEMBER 26, 1914**

In the presence of several hundred people, filling all the available space of the reading room and the art annex of the Public Library, the curtain was withdrawn on Thanksgiving afternoon from the life-sized oil portrait of the late Adlai E. Stevenson. Coincident with the formal unveiling of this work as a permanent feature of the Russell art room, there were delivered a number of short addresses from citizens who had known Mr. Stevenson in life, recalling some of the outstanding features of his notable career.

The ceremony of the afternoon was strictly an affair just among ourselves. It was a tribute of Bloomingtonians to a distinguished Bloomingtonian, and it had more of the personal element in it than characterized the more formal eulogies pronounced at the services immediately following Mr. Stevenson's death last June.

Immediately following the brief talks by several citizens the company of listeners gathered, standing, in the art room itself, and centered their gaze upon the center of the east wall, where was draped a blue curtain. Rev. J. N. Elliott, who had acted as master of ceremonies, then introduced Adlai E. Stevenson, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis G. Stevenson, and grandson of the man in whose honor the meeting was held. Young Stevenson slowly pulled the cord which withdrew the curtain from the portrait, displaying the painting set in a strong light. As the familiar features of Mr. Stevenson were shown there were quiet yet sincere expressions of admiration for the masterly quality of the work.

The portrait shows Mr. Stevenson as Bloomington knew him in the vigor of his manhood, during the last quarter century of his life. Mr. Arvid Nyholm, the painter, caught the spirit of the man in admirable form. The expression and pose are perfect.

While the audience was standing taking its first view of the unveiled portrait Miss Nellie Parham read the following letter, written by Mr. Stevenson in answer to her query last winter on behalf of the citizens, as to whether he would consent to the proposition for having his portrait painted and hung in the library:

Bloomington, Ill., Feb. 10, 1914.

Dear Miss Parham:

Your very kind letter just received. I am deeply touched by your suggestion as to my portrait. I can only say that whatever my friends do in the matter will be to me a gratification to the last.

Again thanking you and with the kindest regards to your mother and sister, I remain,

Your friend,

ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

#### THE PERSONAL TRIBUTES

The formal ceremonies of the afternoon were begun at 3:30 by Rev. J. N. Elliott, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Stevenson was a member. Dr. Elliott explained in brief the significance of the occasion and then introduced one after another Hon. James S. Ewing, Governor Joseph W. Fifer, Mrs. Sarah Fitzwilliam, Mrs. M. T. Scott and Rev. Martin D. Hardin, each of whom spoke briefly sentiments of appreciation of Mr. Stevenson's life and character.

#### MR. EWING SPEAKS

Hon. James S. Ewing was the first speaker of the afternoon, and he said in part:

"Mr. Stevenson and I were fast friends all of our lives. As well as being a kinsman, we were always associated in our everyday and business life. We lived in adjoining houses when boys, went to school together, were classmates, in business together and for a quarter of a century were law partners. He never did any business whatever, great or small, that I did not know something of it in some way; we always consulted each other and exchanged confidences and suggestions. He was possessed of sterling qualities and worth to the community that

honors his memory. He kept the faith, and fought a good fight in every respect. He kept his faith in God and the church, in man and in himself. He made friends wherever he went, and, most of all, he kept them, and could there be a nobler tribute paid to any man than the citizens of Bloomington today are paying? His portrait is placed in the art department of the public library, where it may be viewed by generations to come, who will no doubt study the noble face and read in it the noble character of the man whom Bloomington honors. How true the quotation and how it applies to Mr. Stevenson, 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches,' and his was a name without blemish and spotless in uprightness and integrity."

#### GOVERNOR FIFER'S REMARKS

Hon. Joseph W. Fifer, a life-long friend and near neighbor of Mr. Stevenson, said:

"I am glad indeed to be here on this most interesting occasion. I am glad of this opportunity to voice my appreciation of the high character and standing of my old neighbor and friend, who has past on to try the realities of another world.

"Mr. Stevenson's career was eminently successful. From humble beginning, without wealthy and influential friends to urge him forward, he climbed step by step until he reached the second highest position in the gift of the most enlightened and progressive people in the world. He held many places of trust and confidence, the duties of which he discharged with singular fidelity and ability. Thruout his long and busy life he enjoyed the confidence of the people in an unusual degree, and that confidence he never violated or betrayed. His whole life emphasizes the fact that the basis, the indispensable basis, of all true greatness is integrity of character, and that without it all seeming success will turn to ashes at last.

"Great as Mr. Stevenson was as a public man and a statesman; distinguished as a wit and orator as we know him to have been, it was at his own fireside, surrounded by those whom he most tenderly loved, that he showed those rare qualities of love and sympathy which endeared him to us all.

"I knew Mr. Stevenson intimately for nearly fifty years, and during the greater portion of that time a warm personal friendship existed between us, which admitted of no secrets. The memory of this friendship I shall cherish, while I live, as a most sacred possession.

"The gift of this beautiful portrait by the good people of Bloomington emphasizes in a more emphatic manner than any words of mind can do, the tender and affectionate regard in which he was held by this entire community.

"The memory of our friend will remain with us to the end, and as the years come and go, there are those who will turn aside from the busy walks of life to plant a flower and shed a tear upon his grave. We believe, too, as coming generations look upon this beautiful portrait, and call to mind his life of sacrifice and service, they will receive new inspiration and hope in the performance of life's duties."

#### MRS. SCOTT'S TRIBUTE

"Mr. Stevenson's career is proof of the fact that in this great republic, even in the whirl and swirl of political life—virtue and kindness and disinterested devotion to duty are still the best means of rising to civic distinction and preeminence.

"But by those of us who knew Mr. Stevenson intimately and personally, he is remembered now, not as congressman, cabinet officer, or vice-president, but as a beloved friend and kinsman, whose loyalty of heart, geniality of spirit and incomparable charm of speech and manner, made his presence a constant delight and benediction.

"Æshines, in his famous argument against granting the crown to Demosthenes—summing up the whole matter said: 'Most of all, fellow citizens, if your sons ask whose example they shall imitate, what will you say? For you know well, it is not music, nor the gymnasium, nor the schools that mould young men, it is much more the public proclamations, the public example. \* \* \* Beware, therefore, Athenians, remembering posterity will rejudge your judgment, and that the character of a city is determined by the character of the men it crowns.'"

"From this point of view, Bloomington is to be congratulated upon the fact that in Mr. Stevenson she adds a shining name to the list of her distinguished sons, whose honors were never sullied by any unworthy deed, and whose power was never used except to advance the cause of right, and to bring peace and happiness to all those within the radius of their influence.

"This is no time to mourn his passing. Rather today, as we unveil this beautiful portrait in the city which he loved—we, who so loved him, lift up our hearts in deep thanksgiving, that to us was vouchsafed the privilege of his friendship and companionship; that to us there remains the abiding inspiration of his memory, the afterglow of a luminous life.

"Identified with the grand state of his adoption, his blood full of its spirit—his heart beat and burned to the music of its greatness. He glowed with pride in its truly great people, and their historic achievements in every province of human activity. We, who in life were close to him, are grateful to those who have done him such honor in word and deed."



**MRS. FITZWILLIAM'S TRIBUTE**

Mrs. Sarah E. Raymond Fitzwilliam, for many years superintendent of the public schools of Bloomington, delivered a feeling tribute to her lifelong friend. She said that the qualities which most stand out in Mr. Stevenson's life are these: Uprightness, fidelity to his trusts, steadfastness, kindly sympathy, and a perpetual, unclouded, sunny cheerfulness. He never obtruded his occasional hours of sadness upon others. His face never showed the darker side of life, nor his voice, nor his step, nor his demeanor.

As we recall again that face which some of us have watched under many and varied circumstances for years and decades of years, do we ever remember when it was not to us and to all who looked upon it a continuous benediction? He was a man, modest, generous, just, of clean hands and pure heart, self-denying and self-sacrificing, of integrity so absolute that the breath of suspicion, even, never sullied his reputation. He never had any tracks to cover up nor opinions or motives to conceal. He was charitable to the needy, forgiving injuries and injustices, brave, fearless, heroic, with prudence ever governing his impulses and wisdom ever guiding his valor. He was true to his friends, true to his country, true to himself, ever gratefully recognizing a divine aid in all that he attempted and accomplished. For several years while I was acting in the capacity of superintendent of your city schools, your distinguished citizen, Mr. Stevenson, was a member of the board of education. I have often in the hours of need and uncertainty sought his advice, and never in vain. To his generous sympathy and wise counsel I attribute much that I was able to accomplish. Mr. Stevenson had a strong penchant for political life and experiences. Tho of a variant political faith with myself I was always gratified when he won, and to all intents and purposes cast my vote on his side. As the presiding officer of the United States senate he wrung from many a rock-ribbed Republican of old New England their sympathy and regard. He was always a lover of the beautiful in art and possessed some notable historic objects of superb material. But neither this refinement of taste nor his daily life lifted him above willing labor and the tenderest sympathy for those who were rude and unlettered.

When his active public labors were ended he showed himself beautifully grand and heroic by returning to the scenes of his manhood's prime. Here he retired for the last time to his family home in sight of the spot made sacred to his toils, his prayers, his joys and triumphs. Here he was surrounded by his old associates and study, responsibility and professional activity.

At the close of the day the sun flashes its radiance upon the clouds above and beyond, with all its beauty and glory, and suddenly sinks behind the western hills. Serenely to his final rest Mr. Stevenson passed, after life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done. Bloomington, his home city, has justly thought that the work of his life was not wholly local, but that his name is a treasure also of the state and nation, his death a common bereavement.

The canvas on which his face is so truthfully portrayed is to signalize the gratitude of the generation for whom he labored and whom he knew—a commemorative object. This memorial rite is not a tribute of official service; it is an homage to personal character. The citizens of Bloomington have given generously for this grand consummation. As you stand before this rarely perfect portrait of this townsman and distinguished friend, we believe your apostrophe will be: "Oh, that those lips had language; Voice only fails."

#### REV. MARTIN D. HARDIN'S TRIBUTE

Rev. Martin D. Hardin, of Chicago, son-in-law of Mr. Stevenson, said that he appreciated the privilege of being present and the courtesy of being asked to make brief remarks. This beautiful picture adds to our many causes for thanksgiving. In the first place we all owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Nyholm for this brilliant piece of work. Solely as a work of art, it is worthy of a prominent place in any gallery. But the artist has given us not merely a striking piece of work in its light and tone finish; he has caught and preserved for all time to come the spirit and expression of Mr. Stevenson's noble face. Those who come after us looking upon this picture must needs know and feel something of what manner of man he was, and as we who knew him look there it seems almost as if he himself were about to speak to us.

This picture is again beautiful and a cause of gratitude because it is an embodiment of a beautiful spirit in the life of this community. The finished life is never the product of isolation. It is possible only where the good and noble find an answering nobility in other lives. We cannot imagine a Longfellow without a Cambridge, or an Emerson without a Boston. Either of these men in some other environment would have been different men.

Mr. Stevenson, with the passing of the years, developed into one of the rarest and most winning personalities in the American life of his day, and something of this was due to the fact that he lived among those who appreciated him, who loved him and by that love made him more lovable. Communities do not always appreciate their most gifted sons. I have been reading

the life and letters of Goldwin Smith, who spent his last thirty years in Toronto. Tho his was one of the most richly endowed intellects of his age, he was a stranger and a foreigner in his adopted city. He was a lonely man, lonely in his domestic circle, lonely in his political convictions, lonely in his ideals. As he sat there in his arm chair before the fire you felt an insulating atmosphere between him and you. Much of this loneliness was due to his lot falling among people who did not appreciate him and of whom he could say to them: "I have never been at home among this people, and have no friends here."

As I look today at this beautiful picture I cannot help but contrast Goldwin Smith's bitterness and sadness in old age with the growing peace and happiness and mellow charm, like Indian summer, which came to Mr. Stevenson as his evening years were spent among a people who honored him and his dear life's companion.

This picture is beautiful to me because of the happiness which its planning brought to Mr. Stevenson himself. It has never been my privilege to know a more appreciative nature than his. He never forgot or overlooked any acts of courtesy and he never took them as if they were his due. At the end of his life he had a child's heart, and while honor and favors were often bestowed upon him, his heart never grew proud or calloused, but responded like the broad prairies about us with greater wealth and bounty to every shower and added ray of sunshine.

He never tired of relating the worth of the men here whom he had known and loved, and to talk to him was to see and know and admire Judge David Davis, General McNulta, Mr. Williams, Judge Lawrence Weldon, nay the whole Blooming-ton bar for the last half century, or to feel personal acquaintance with and admiration of Matthew Scott, the elder Funks, Mr. Kerrick, Dr. Dinsmore, and all the men who in business or professional lines helped to mold the delightful city which he loved as no other spot on earth. God richly endowed him with the power of appreciation, and only those who were granted the privilege of his more intimate relation could ever know how dear to him were the many evidences that he lived among his old friends, the wine of whose heart bettered with the passing years. It gives me great pleasure to say to this company that among the countless evidences of love and loyalty by the people of this city, nothing ever touched him more deeply or gave him greater pleasure, simply because it was a beautiful kind of farewell abiding pledge and token of undying love, than the movement to have this portrait painted and hung here in the public library. In the name of his family, let me deeply thank all who have had any part in its conception and realization.

**PRESIDENT JOHN W. COOK**

The culminating feature of the sixteenth annual meeting of the Illinois State Historical society at Springfield was an address by President John W. Cook of the Northern Illinois State Normal school, DeKalb, Ill., on "The Life and Services of Adlai E. Stevenson." President Cook from early manhood was a close friend and warm admirer of Mr. Stevenson, and spoke with authority, and the address will be a valued addition to the archives of the society. Following are excerpts from President Cook's address:

"I trust that I may be pardoned a word by way of introduction. In centering our thought upon a single character and endeavoring to render him that recognition to which he is justly entitled it is wise to discover the especial field of service which gave him his opportunity and which furnishes the standards for the judgments of his fellow men. If he has won only local distinction one set of estimates will be employed. If the field is coterminous with that of the state another standard must be employed. If he has risen to national prominence it is evident that he must be viewed from a wider angle, as he will be called upon to balance larger counterweights in the scales that are held by the blindfolded goddess. Moreover, as men succeed men in places of great honor and corresponding responsibilities there are inevitable comparisons and consequent judgments. Let us trust that the volumes that issue from this admirable society shall be far more than mere tributes of affection, manifestations of local pride, or exhibitions of indiscriminate hero worship. They should have all of the reliability possible under condition of nearness, intimate association, and warm personal regard. The subject of this brief sketch was distinguished locally; he attained such prominence in the state of his adoption as to be the candidate of his party for the most conspicuous office within gift; he twice represented his district in the national congress; his supreme achievement was his promotion to a position in which only a single life intervened between him and the noblest political dignity within the gift of men. It thus appears that he is to be estimated not from a single point of view but from many and it is in these successive stages of final development that we are to see the explanation of the ultimate character that conducted itself with such charm, dignity and grace as to win the admiration of all who knew him.

Adlai Ewing Stevenson was born in Christian county, Kentucky, on the twenty-third day of October, 1835. He belonged by descent to the Scotch-Irish race and was thus handicapped at the beginning of his career with the responsibility of living up to the repute of that distinguished body of immigrants.

They were lowland Scotch by descent and Irish by territorial location. Within the three-quarters of a century between 1650 and 1725 there was a liberal emigration of that vigorous stock from their ancient home to the province of Ulster, in Ireland. There was never a drop of Irish blood in their veins. Indeed, the main relation which these two peoples bore to each other was that of perpetual hostility. They were at one in their admiration of the militant spirit and won at least the respect of each other as foemen worthy of their steel. They were the steadfast followers of the reformation leaders, adored Calvin and Knox, were Presbyterians to a man, took their convictions of whatever character thoroughly to heart and actually lived upon their religious ideas. Persecution by those about them led them to abandon their old home and to take chances with another stock rather than to be in a perpetual quarrel with their kin-folk. Wherever they have gone in the new world they have illustrated in a new way the value of adherence to great ideas in all of the real issues of life. So remarkable has been the career of these men of Ulster that whenever there has appeared a great leader in our American life there has been a half suspicion that if you were to scratch his skin you would find a Scotch-Irishman under it. It would burden this page to mention a tithe of the illustrious names that grace our annals and whose bearers claim this distinguished descent.

In his early youth his parents removed from Kentucky to Illinois. His early life in Kentucky, his family training, his return to the home of his childhood and the associations of his college life at a highly impressionable age taught him certain of the social arts that are more notably accented and more highly prized in the South than in the less conventional North. He had now enjoyed for a time a taste of those liberating cultures of which so much was made in the last century in nearly or quite all of the institutions of higher training. It was probably due to this happy circumstance that he developed that extreme fondness for the noblest literature which he so transparently displayed through the years of his intensest activity and which he so freely indulged in the later years of his honorable retirement from public duties. To the end of his long life he sought the companionship of books and thus enjoyed the ministry of those rare spirits whose luster brightens from age to age. It was a sobering task that awaited him, but it was undertaken courageously and accomplished successfully. Who shall say that in the light of his later life it was not as well as to have lingered in those academic associations that are so delightful in retrospect but not always so tempering in their effects.

As this young man stands at the beginning of his active professional career he possesses the promise and potency of what he was to become. At no time in his life was there any striking transformation of character. He exhibited a persistent growth in the qualities that marked him as a young man. To one who has spent his life in attempting to aid young people in the realization of their inherent possibilities a study of this sort is peculiarly engaging. Inheritance, early environment, the later play of social forces, the awakening of new ambitions, the coming to consciousness of already formed preferences of alignment—preferences unconsciously formed ordinarily—are full of meaning. Throughout my long acquaintance with him I was always impressed with the shaping influences of these experiences upon him. At twenty-three he was a striking figure physically. He had an erect carriage, a grace of movement that appeared in an alert and characteristic walk, a peculiarly attractive courtliness of manner, that accounted in large part for his remarkable personal popularity, and a certain dignity of character that suggested a sense of worth and self respect.

In the summer of 1858 he removed to Metamora, the county seat of an adjoining county, where he was to remain for the succeeding ten years. His coming into the little community which he had chosen for his home was distinctly an event in its history. Although the county was sparsely settled and schools were few and means of transportation were practically limited to the saddle horse and the wagon, there was a good degree of intelligence, a native shrewdness, a discriminating judgment among the people. Many a man who signed his name with a cross held not inconsiderable estates that he had won by his own sagacity and was regarded with warm respect by his neighbors. The newspaper and the book were yet to assume much of the dignity with which the later years have crowned them. The county seat was several miles from the nearest railroad, but cases were not unknown to its tribunal that attracted to the little village the ablest lawyers of central and northern Illinois. The presiding judges were capable men and well versed in the law. Robert G. Ingersoll, already famous for the brilliancy of his wit, the eloquence of his arguments and the breadth of his legal knowledge, was a familiar figure in the little court room. One Abraham Lincoln, who lived at the capital of the state and rode the Bloomington-Danville circuit, with David Davis, Leonard Swett and others of their peers, occasionally found himself at Metamora. It was a good place for the young man. He was not lacking in political partisanship and the lines were sharply drawn in the intensity of the political situation, yet he was so amply endowed with tactfulness and kindness of spirit that he was scarcely less

popular with his political opponents than with his political friends.

It would have been a most interesting experience to gather from those charming visits which it was my valued privilege to enjoy, a fuller and more detailed story of his *Metamora* days. In his "Something of Men That I Have Known," he describes the country lawyer of three score years ago. Personally he belonged to a somewhat later period yet he was intimately acquainted with many of the actors and throughout understood the spirit of the time. Books were few and were the constant companions on the circuit. The modern and familiar law library at the county seat may have been a dream of the future but it was not a reality of the time. Judges and lawyers were alike pilgrims and traveled together as in ancient Canterbury days.

The coming to the county seat of a group of eminent attorneys was an event to be looked forward to with warm interest. When court adjourned for the day and the wits were foregathered for an evening of social enjoyment there was a rivalry quite as intense as that of the court room but it was far more cordial. Mr. Stevenson's remarkable skill as a social entertainer must have been acquired in large part in the charming encounters of those historic evenings.

Fine native gifts, a clear sense of their worth, the discipline of education, the dignity of service, spotless integrity, an untiring industry, a profound respect for certain fundamental convictions that the race has built into the substructure of a superior society—these are elemental qualities that underlie any true success. And these are qualities that were easily distinguishable traits in the possession of this man while he was yet on the near side of the thirties, the time when men ordinarily have only begun to take on those permanent forms which are to mark them throughout their lives.

In 1866 occurred the crowning event of his life. He was married to Letitia Green, the daughter of Lewis Warner Green, D. D. At the time of her birth her father was president of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, Pa. While she was but a child the family removed to Danville, Ky., where Dr. Green became the president of Center College. It was while Mr. Stevenson was a student at that institution that an acquaintance began which ripened into affection and resulted in the marriage of these congenial spirits. It is not easy to speak of this gifted woman with the moderation that one should employ to avoid seeming extravagance of characterization. She had been reared in a cultivated home. The doors of liberal culture had therefore been open to her. Her life from childhood to womanhood had been spent in the intellectual atmosphere

of a college community. Her associations had been mainly with those who were devoting their lives to the acquisition and enjoyment of the finest things that can occupy one's attention. She had interested herself in the serious and solid cultures rather than in the more superficial accomplishments usually sought by those who anticipate social careers. Her experiences had developed that sense of personal dignity and worth that are the crown of fine womanhood. She was simple and sincere and able to appreciate worth wherever it might manifest itself, though clad in homespun and denied the cultural disciplines that are often the mark of gentle breeding. She was abundantly prepared for any position to which she might be called in the large range of our American life. She had followed the leadings of her affections and had linked her destinies with those of this young man who was making a notable place for himself in the practice of his profession. Like him she was destined to distinguished honors. Like him, she bore those honors with that modesty and charm that have given her a permanent and revered position in the traditions of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was shortly after the resumption of his interrupted Bloomington life that I came to know him and that a friendship began that continued to the end. While not a lawyer I belonged to a family of lawyers and that helped me to indulge my fondness for their companionship. I was a frequenter of the courts and a seemingly welcome guest at their offices. It was a most gratifying fact that I was also remembered upon those occasions when they celebrated their social inclinations by banquets and similar formalities. I was thus drawn into relations that were personally delightful and that gave me a vantage ground to estimate accurately the character of whom I am trying to write. I may properly add that I was never a member of the political party to which Mr. Stevenson belonged, although I cannot recall any incident in which that was a matter of the slightest significance so far as our personal relations were concerned. These things are worth saying, perhaps, as the warmth of my admiration might otherwise be explained in part by political considerations.

These were charming years for Mr. Stevenson from 1892 to the close of the Cleveland administration. One dwells with fond delay upon the ideal harmony of the man and the place. His courtliness of manner, his affectionate nature, his genial wit, his incomparable tact, his ripened intellect, his matured judgment, his rich experience in public life—these all contributed to the production of a presiding officer of unsurpassed fitness for a body of men selected for the supreme legislative



dignity in our system of government. Nor can one forget that in his home was one who was equally fitted to bear her part in meeting the social demands of the wife of the vice president of the United States. With an unaffected dignity that came from gentle birth and noble culture, and from having shared the struggles of her husband in his memorable ascent from his modest beginnings to the lines of succession in which he took his place among the illustrious men that preceded and followed him, she shed the pure lustre of her charming character upon his home and honored him by her ideals of womanly worth.

It is interesting to read the chapter on the vice-presidency on the chatty and entertaining book to which reference has been made. It covers a bare half-dozen pages, and one would not suspect its author of having been one of those of whom he wrote, except from the presence of the brief address with which he closed his connection with the distinguished body, over whose deliberations he had presided for a quadrennium.

Repeated reference has here been made to "Something of Men I Have Known." This is Mr. Stevenson's most gracious gift to those who have known him and admired him and who hold him in affectionate remembrance. Its pleasing humor; its charming, gossipy style, so free from the conventionalities of historical literature; its estimate of men whose names are household words, as determined by familiar personal contact; its record of the impressions made upon his mind as he met these men in the freedom of personal intercourse—these features are vivid reminders of charming visits at his home, where, in the seclusion of his library, his talk ran like a rippling brook that sparkles under the sunshine. There are also re-tellings of old traditions, Flemish pictures of quaint characters, realistic sketches of early experiences, revealing anecdotes, that, like flash-light snap-shots, caught perishing and passing incidents that gave vivid interpretations of the old life that without them could not be adequately understood. In my treasure house I have old letters from old friends whose voices are silent; pictures of faces that once looked into mine, memories of rare companionships with the richness of incomparable gems about them. This volume is like old letters, cherished pictures, hallowed memories.

The encomiums that were called forth by his death will of themselves fill a volume. There is scant room for them here. They have one burden that weighs far more than all the rest. It is of supreme interest to observe that when the end has come far less is said of the honors that he won at the bar; of the political dignities with which he was crowned, than of the things that forever abide. It is so charmingly expressed by Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, long an intimate associate, that it may well be quoted.

“Mr. Stevenson comes as near filling my highest ideal of a model gentleman as anyone that I have ever known. I do not allude to his attainments as a lawyer, to his ability as a statesman, nor to any of these varied talents which have given him such distinction among the prominent men of the times. These are known and conceded by intelligent people everywhere. I refer to the gentle virtues so constantly illustrated in all of the relations of his private life—the unaffected kindness of disposition, the purity of thought, the guileless candor, the fealty to truth, the harmless mirth, the forgetfulness of self, the tender regard for the rights and feelings of others and the genuine sympathy with all around him, which make him the prince of companions and the paragon of friends, which clothe his presence with perpetual sunshine and fill his household with domestic affection and happiness. A professed believer in the sublime truths of the Christian religion, he never by word or deed affords grounds for even a suspicion of the sincerity of his faith.” There is more to the same effect. This tribute to his friend was not written by Mr. Knott when his heart was wrung by separation but years before the shadows grew long toward the west.

The voice of the press was musical with the same story. Those who stood by his bier to speak the last words of farewell dwelt finally upon the same theme. And now that the book is ended and that the hooded angel with the sleepy poppies in her hand has clasped the “brazen covers” and that the passions of men have died away, and the rivalries are forgotten, and the ambitions are dropped like the neglected playthings of a child, the deep conviction of the supreme value of character compels the reverent attitude of silence. And so it is that this man with the kind heart and the genial face and the gentle grace of courtesy, with the honors that he won and with the affectionate approval of his fellow men, takes his place in the permanent annals of his time.









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